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VOL. LXXXIX—NO. 2298. THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.]

The *Nation* is published and owned by the New York Evening Post Co: Oswald Garrison Villard, President; William J. Pattison, Treasurer; Paul Elmer More, Editor.

Three dollars per year in advance, postpaid, in any part of the United States or Mexico; to Canada $3.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $4.00.

Address THE NATION, Box 794, New York.

Publication Office, 20 Vesey Street.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909.

The Week.

Four months after the President called an extraordinary session of Congress to revise the tariff, the real work of revision has begun. All that has gone before is merely preliminary; providing the basis upon which the conference committees will do the actual shaping of the final bill. In the nature of the case, Mr. Taft will now be drawn into the affair though he has steadily refused to be down to the present. Others will be the conferrees; he will necessarily be the referee. The Republican leaders cannot be so mad as to pass a bill which they know the President will not sign. That would be party suicide. It is inevitable, therefore, that they will, from time to time, refer disputed schedules to him, as the discussions in conference go on. Indeed, it is an open secret at Washington that the President has prepared himself thus to act as umpire. He has had full tables made of the duties proposed by the Payne bill, as compared with those adopted by the Senate, and will be ready to meet each case as it arises. Mr. Taft has said that he thinks the tariff bill which the House passed to be a fairly reasonable measure, and that, if the further reductions made in the Senate could be embodied in it, he should regard the resulting law as in accord with the pledges of the party and the expectations of the country. The question now is whether he will be able to compel the besotted protectionists to surrender the prey in which they have set their teeth.

The almost unanimous vote by which the House assented to the Senate's joint resolution for a Constitutional amendment authorizing an income tax signifies the strong trend of public feeling in favor of such a measure. The majority apparently are in favor of the project as a regular part of our Federal financial régime. Others, like Mr. Payne, based their support on the sure ground that such a source of revenue may be needed in an emergency. Of the opponents, Mr. McCall made the most strenuous fight on grounds whose present-day validity is extremely doubtful. He referred to the Constitutional provision of direct taxation by apportionment to population as one of the great compromises between the large and small States, consecrated by the Constitution. So it was originally, along with equal representation in the Senate. The repeal of the former provision he pictured as a sort of temptation to the small States with a majority in the Senate to plunder the larger commonwealths. But both as historian and as prophet, he seems in error. The numerical preponderance of the large States in the House forever bars any such hypothetical assault on the large States as he fears. Moreover, it would appear that the linking of direct taxes to population was originally motived by the slave-holding States. A Federal poll tax, if it fell on slaves, would have been a serious burden for the South. By the three-fifths rule applicable to both taxes and representation in the House, the slave States were exempted from paying poll taxes on more than 60 per cent. of the slave population. A similar protection was afforded to States which had vast tracts of land of little value. If land area were made the basis of imposition, such States would suffer more sharply than the other States. The disappearance of slavery made the Constitutional provisions relating to direct taxation practically obsolete.

Attorney-General Wickersham's advocacy of a Federal charter for corporations, in his speech before the State Bar Association of Kentucky, is the revival of an old idea, but with a difference. One difference is that Mr. Wickersham speaks not as a heady reformer in a hurry, but as a cool and sound lawyer. His premises are, not his wishes, but the statutes of States and the nation, and the decisions of the Supreme Court. Another difference is in the changed posture of affairs, both economic and legal. With a Federal tax on corporations now certain to be adopted, involving inspection and a certain measure of control, the argument for national incorporation becomes stronger, and the objections to it fainter. Corporations may in time run to embrace what they long shrank from in terror. The initial difficulty is that of change of status. Creatures of separate States as they now are, the corporations will find it a complicated process to shake off their present obligations, or surrender their existing privileges. But more stringent State regulation confronts them, in any event. The Attorney-General dwelt upon this, and suggested a method by which the device of a holding company might be met. This is to vacate the license of any corporation to do business within a given State, whenever 50 per cent. or more of its capital stock is held by any other corporation, domestic or foreign. Such a law would be, Mr. Wickersham showed, in consonance with doctrines laid down by the Supreme Court, and would, in his opinion, be effective in checking the too rapid growth of monopolies, and in halting monopolies. He did not say, what lies on the surface, that legislation of that kind would more incline the hearts of corporations to seek a Federal charter.

The address of Mr. James B. Forgan of Chicago to the Michigan State Bankers' Convention, last week, sounded a warning as to the banking and currency legislation promised at the next session of Congress. There is a very real danger in devising elaborate, but unworkable powers of inquiry into banks and their condition, and then reposing in a quite unjustifiable confidence upon the law. Mr. Forgan called the Comptroller of the Currency the most powerful man in the financial world—this, presumably, because of his right of inquiry into the condition of any national bank. But he correctly said that in the last resort the responsibility for the honest and capable management of any bank must rest with its own directorate. The bank examiner can satisfy himself as to the presence of the requisite cash reserve. He can assure himself, negatively, that the loans and discounts do not offend against the explicit prohibitions of the statute. But to judge the quality of the assets, where they so largely consist of discounted paper, is beyond the power of any bank examiner, unless he be exceptionally acquainted with the financial condition of the particular locality, or unless he devote himself to a long-continued study of a single institution.

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Nothing finer has been urged for a long time than the proposed celebration in 1914 of a century of continuous peace between the United States and Canada. The suggestion is said to have been made at the Harvard Commencement by MacKenzie H. King. The Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, is reported to approve the project very heartily. With a century of peace behind us, we should have good reason for mutual congratulation. It should afford the cause of world-peace an impetus, this notable instance of two neighborly nations with a common boundary line of 3,000 miles without fortifications on either side. It is true that a system of jurisprudence fundamentally similar, and a common language, bind the two peoples together. But whatever abatements may be pleaded, the spectacle is one to be proud of. It is to be hoped that our Government may heartily respond to the invitation for a joint celebration which the Canadian Government will probably extend.

If calling a man "grafter" does not constitute libel, as a Chicago court has ruled, it must be because "graft" by indiscriminate usage has lost so much of its original precision. The law of libel is concerned not with phraseology, but with intent. If a prominent corporation lawyer were to slap a United States Senator on the back and say, "Hello, you blackguard, come and have a drink," it would not be as if he had made use of the epithet after a sharp dispute at a directors' meeting. On the other hand, the courts have held that for a stockbroker to refer to a fellow-broker as a lame duck, while underlining his words with a wink, constituted defamation of character. "Graft" has undoubtedly been a useful term, but useful just because it offered a convenient handle to the lazy man with a dislike for distinctions. The Harrisburg capitol thieves grafted; the contractor who made only the customary overcharge, grafted; the clerk who used the office stationery for his private correspondence, grafted; the maiden aunt from the country who came self-invited for a three months' stay, grafted. Having set up a standard of absolute virtue such as never has been realized on land or sea, we have called everything that wavered a hair's breadth, graft. Thus the term became a substitute for plunder, defalcation, bribery, rebate, allowance, prerogative, perquisite, tip, and favor. That a word of such broad connotation should always carry libel with it, was clearly out of the question.

In the death of Prof. Simon Newcomb, this country lost a distinguished scientist of world-wide reputation. In his own special department of mathematical astronomy, his achievements were both solid and original, and, unlike the work of many scientists, much of Professor Newcomb's was of the greatest direct serviceability, especially in the domain of navigation. The born man of science was in evidence, whether he was journeying to a remote land in quest of observational knowledge, or whether he was calmly pursuing his scientific inquiries in Paris while the window panes of his observatory were rattling under the musketry of the Commune. Like all of the greatest men of science, he was simple, direct, unaffected, never ashamed of admitting the limits of his knowledge. An illustration of this almost naïve quality once came under our notice. He complained of his inability to grade written examination papers. He said he never felt certain that the relative markings he gave were correct. The secular variations and mutual relations of the asteroids, the weight and the orbits of the planets, hid little from his scrutiny. But the elusive windings and spectral emergencies of the human mind he recognized as beyond any precise rule that he could frame. Particularly noticeable was a contribution of his to economics, that of the distinction between "funds" and "flows" of wealth. The whole terminology of modern economics which hinges so much on the difference between income and capital may be regarded as the outcome of this pregnant suggestion. Equally sane was his recent summary of the limited possibilities of aerial navigation.

It is a little surprising—this claptrap that is indulged in by various critics of college education. Not that the colleges are not open to criticism on legitimate grounds, such as administration, curriculum, the organization of extra-academic activities, and the like. But when the indictment is based on the intangible ground that "the moral output" of the college or university is entrusted to nobody in particular, it is time to call a halt. This last charge was uttered by the president of the Religious Education Association, Prof. George Albert Coe, in an address at Chautauqua. The allegation seems to imply that "moral output" is something that can be weighed and measured like sugar or candles, or at least that it can be graduated on some scale of value. Matthew Arnold's "doctor of the soul" could canvass with official breath "the future and the viewless things," but it remains for the practical "religious hustler" of to-day to compile the current statistics of "moral output." The truth is that there is nothing more conducive to "moral output" than insistence upon the student's making proper progress in a well-chosen scheme of intellectual pursuits. Like many other admirable things, moral maturity, in college or outside, comes generally without observation, and the drum and trumpet scheme of an all-too-formal organization of such activities is as apt to retard as to advance the consummation so devoutly to be wished for.

It is reported from New Haven that a higher standard of entrance examinations has resulted in the rejection of 622 candidates out of 900 applicants for admission to the Sheffield Scientific School. It fails to indicate whether the 900 includes only candidates for immediate entrance, or whether it embraces also candidates taking preliminary examinations, with the intention of passing final examinations a year hence. Statistics of college entrance examinations are slippery things for the outsider to handle. A large percentage of applicants admitted may indicate either adequate preparation on the part of the ordinary candidate, or complaisance and lack of rigor on the part of the examiners. The same thing is true of the percentage of admissions with or without conditions. One tolerably good index of the comparative difficulty of college entrance examinations is found in watching the current among the less efficient students in the large preparatory schools. They are quick to discover where it is "easy to get in"; and in the absence of family preferences to the contrary, they try the easier openings. If it is true that candidates admitted to the Sheffield

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school are weeded out so that the classes lose one-half of their initial membership in the first two years of the course, a higher standard of entrance requirements would seem to be desirable.

Princess Lwoff-Parlaghy, lately arrived on our shores with the purpose of painting the portraits of the twenty-five greatest Americans, will not immortalize Mr. Rockefeller, the reason she gave being, it is alleged, that "he is too selfish." She apparently does not deny that he is one of our twenty-five greatest men. That she concedes, but she will not paint his portrait because his "progressiveness is for himself only." It is clear that the Princess has never been bitten with the idea of art for art's sake. She does not seek, apparently, the characteristic, but the virtuous. This does her honor, no doubt, as a woman, but her attitude as an artist is revolutionary. Of course, there is a possibility that she is not an artist, and if this dreadful alternative be true, it is easily understood why she seeks ready-made heroes and heroines of virtue for her subjects: for these are fully formed and fitted in the popular imagination, and do not need the interpretative touch of the artist. Mr. Rockefeller, we imagine, would appeal greatly to an artist, whatever the artist's ideas might be in regard to his influence for good or evil. A searching artistic interpretation of the Standard Oil magnate might throw fresh light on his character. There is a story by Henry James in which, by means of a profoundly interpretative portrait, the hidden villany of a man is shown, for the first time, to a woman who knew him intimately. Thus, even with the best intentions in the world to work for art's sake, the artist may find that he has done a moral act, by bringing out the deeper truth.

The British public, in its recent naval scare, went like a crab, backwards. Alarm began over what might happen to the British fleet in 1913, and ended by making some Englishmen sit up of nights in the year 1909. What will happen in 1913 no one knows, not the experts who have fallen madly afoul of one another, and not the ministers and prime ministers whose personal knowledge of "capital" ships and striking strength is about equal to the average United States Senator's intimate acquaintance with the cotton schedules. What the situation among the world's navies is to-day, has been put into brief compass by the Office of Naval Intelligence at Washington and given to the public. Taking the navies in the order of their ship tonnage, both Dreadnought and pre-Dreadnought, it appears that the old order hath not yet changed into the new. Great Britain is first with 1,669,000 tons; the United States is second with 685,000 tons; France is third with 629,000 tons; Germany is fourth with 525,000 tons, and Japan is fifth with 372,000 tons. After that, expert opinion may perhaps veer around to the belief that the pre-Dreadnoughts are something more than scrap-iron, after all.

The "Chancellor-crisis" in Germany naturally takes up great space in the German newspapers. They do not agree, however, either in their assigning of causes for Prince Bülow's fall, or their reading of the immediate political future. Through all the accounts runs the distinct implication that he had lost the Imperial favor. It was the subtle conviction of this that blew his Parliamentary *bloc* in pieces, and left him a Minister without a majority in the Reichstag. With that combination broken up, it was evident that, as the semi-official North-German *Zeitung* promptly said, the success achieved at the general election of 1907 was at once made "illusory." With the Kaiser stanchly behind him, the Chancellor might have decided on a dissolution of the Reichstag. But neither William II nor Prince Bülow cared to face the hazard of an election so soon, with the practical certainty that the Social-Democrats would make great gains; and, besides, the Emperor made it clear that he was ready for the Chancellor to go. Von Bülow had repeatedly declared in the Reichstag that he should remain in office as long as the Kaiser wished him to do so; and his sudden announcement that he would leave his post as soon as possible, could only be interpreted as an admission that he no longer had the Imperial confidence.

Such royal and personal motives, however, are not enough to account for the Chancellor's retirement. They may explain the final push over the brink, but do not show how the edge of the precipice was reached. Von Bülow had been long in power, and upon any statesman of whom that is true, difficulties and resentments accumulate. In Bismarck's famous "dead-tired" speech of 1880, he spoke of the *haines inassouvies* which necessarily hung over him, after eighteen years as Chancellor. Prince Bülow has not the personality to provoke such unappeasable hates as Bismarck stirred in his enemies, yet a growing political hostility has faced the present German Chancellor. The deepest reason for this lies in his failure to have a clear and vigorous policy all these years, and particularly in his lack of sympathy for the classes in Germany that have been rising to wealth and strength, and should have been allowed to rise to political power.

From Teheran comes news to confute the facile philosophers who have sneered at the Orient's make-believe game of constitutionalism. The Nationalist forces have fought their way into the Persian capital, and with the sympathy of the populace entirely on their side, they should have no difficulty in making themselves masters of the situation. The Shah has taken sanctuary in a foreign legation. Thus Moslem Persia has almost repeated the experience of Moslem Turkey. Like the Turks, the people of Teheran conquered a Constitution almost at a blow. A Parliament assembled at Teheran, the Shah repeatedly took oath to the Constitution while plotting for its undoing, and after long hesitation he succeeded, with the aid of a mercenary force under Russian generalship. Here was the time when the East should have shown how really unprepared it is for any other government than despotism. But the Liberal element refused to be discouraged. With Teheran under a reign of terror, Tabriz, the northeast, the entire south, rose in insurrection. When Tabriz was occupied by the Russians, the Nationalist cause flared up all the more brightly in the south. The Shah's hired men have proved too weak to enforce quiet in Teheran and defend it against attack from the outside. The triumph of the Nationalists was foreshadowed in the excommunication of the Shah by the heads of the Shiite faith. Once more it was shown that the religious authority of Sultan or Shah was no very terrible weapon, after all.

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INTEREST IN DIRECT PRIMARIES.

Political activity up the State, unlike that in Greater New York, does not wait for the coming of September. Several contests for Assembly and Senate nominations have already been fought out, and others are under way. In all of them, the chief issue is Mr. Hughes's plan of direct primaries. This must astonish those confident gentlemen who had sunk that measure of the Governor's forty fathoms deep, but it is the fact. Indeed, the opponents of Gov. Hughes have found the people so interested in his project that they have made haste, in some counties, to call the party primaries at an unprecedentedly early date, so as to forestall discussion and outwit the advocates of the direct primary. In various parts of the State, as in Chenango County, candidates are announcing themselves in opposition to the choices of the party managers, and are doing it on the Hughes platform. Be their motives selfish or not, their course testifies to the extraordinary hold which the proposal to introduce direct primaries has taken upon the political imagination of the people of New York.

In this fact lies the really strongest reply to such arguments against the direct primary as are advanced by Prof. H. J. Ford, in his article in the July *North American Review*. His trenchant contention practically comes down to this: all political machinery is bad; it leads directly to irresponsibility and graft; therefore, instead of arranging to give the people more to do with primaries and elections, you ought to be planning to give them still less. Professor Ford's view frankly leans to the aristocratic theory of government—we use the word in no invidious sense. He would have as few elected officials as possible, with large powers entrusted to them, and with political machinery and the interference of the electorate reduced to the minimum. This is that idea of heaven-born rulers of men, placed above the crowd, which Lord Salisbury once expounded and which John Morley afterwards attacked with such an array of historic proof, showing what a mess the aristocrats had made of government. Be that as it may, we are in for the democratic movement, think what we will of it. The people are going to participate in their political management, whether we like it or not; and the only questions to ask are how they can be got to do so wisely, and what useful political weapons we can place in their hands.

Professor Ford seems to think that no one can favor direct primaries, unless he can show, or believes, that they will prove a panacea for all our political ills. But Gov. Hughes is under no such illusion. He does not expect to get rid of the boss or the professional politician. What he is aiming at is a wider and more flexible system of party government. Of the new machinery, it may well be true that the skilled practitioners of politics will, in ordinary times, get control. They are in the business year in and year out, so that the average citizen cannot hope to compete with them. Yet the fact will remain that a new possibility of popular assertion, and even, in a pinch, of popular revolution, has been provided. Voters will be able more easily and directly to effect their will, when they really will something very hard. And undoubtedly it is this thought which most sways the people of New York, who are displaying so much interest in the subject of the direct primary. They are not abstract political philosophers. In the mere frame of government, as such, they are not deeply concerned. But they strongly desire to make their political activity more felt and effective; and because they are convinced that Gov. Hughes has pointed out the way to that end, they are supporting him with so much enthusiasm in his plan for reforming party management.

A LIBERAL AND LABOR ALLIANCE.

Last Friday's bye-election in the Cleveland Division of Yorkshire was hailed by the Conservatives as a blow to the Government, because the Liberal majority was cut down one-half. In 1902, the last time this constituency was contested, the Liberal candidate, Mr. Herbert Samuel, received a majority of 2,036; now the figure is reduced to 971. This result may or may not indicate dissatisfaction with the budget, but one thing is certain: the majority would have gone much lower, and might have been wiped out altogether, had not the Independent Labor party decided not to put up a man against Mr. Samuel. And this decision, of course, was due almost wholly to the Labor party's satisfaction with the budget. Indeed, the signs of a closer electoral coöperation, if not tacit alliance, between the Liberals and the Laborites are multiplying, and are causing the Conservatives much uneasiness.

One of them writes to the London *Times* declaring that this "Liberal-Labor" movement means the extinction of the Liberal party. He is particularly distressed by the situation in Mid-Derbyshire, where a bye-election is soon to be held, and where the Liberals have endorsed the Labor candidate, Mr. Hancock. The latter, in his election address, committed himself flatly to free trade, and said that he was "opposed to any return, under whatever guise, to the old and discredited system of protection." This Labor representative also applauded Lloyd-George's budget as "the most democratic and beneficial to the general community ever put forward." As the Liberal majority in this district was more than 3,500 in 1906, the chances of Mr. Hancock's election must be thought excellent. If three candidates had stood, the Conservatives had high hopes of winning the seat. As it is they are exclaiming at the disgrace of the Liberal party in "surrendering seat after seat to 'Liberal-Labor.'"

The thing goes far beyond these scattering bye-elections. It foreshadows an understanding and working agreements between the Liberals and the Labor party in the general election, which cannot be deferred much after next year. If the committees of the two parties are able to arrange it so that nearly all three-cornered contests can be avoided, the task of the Conservatives in winning a majority, independent of the Irish, will be made much harder. As the drift now is, their success seems assured; but the great preponderance to which they have been looking forward, as a basis for a strong and lasting Ministry, will not so easily be attained if the Liberals and Labor party go into the struggle practically as allies. Hence these Tory tears.

Furthermore, this new political combination will have highly important immediate effects. It will make any meddling with the budget by the Lords, much more their throwing out of the finance bill altogether, an exceedingly delicate and dangerous operation. Should such a revolutionary step be ventured by Mr. Balfour and his obedient Peers, the infallible result would be to weld all radical elements indissolubly. The cry would be raised that the Conserva-

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tives were merely the party of the landlords and of privilege. And a new and burning issue would be injected into the campaign, the voting upon which no man could predict. All these considerations are plainly giving the Conservative leaders pause. Many among their followers, and several newspaper organs, in their violent denunciation of a "socialistic" and "confiscatory" budget, have been demanding that the House of Lords take its courage in both hands and make an end of the measure entirely, challenging an appeal to the country at once. But Mr. Balfour's cautious Scotch nature does not incline him to such vertiginous policies. During all the debates on the budget in the House of Commons, he has not once intimated that it might be done to death in "another place." And the likelihood is strong that his aversion to such a course will be deepened by the evident preparation of the Liberals and the Independent Labor party to pool their electoral issues.

Unquestionably, Mr. Asquith and Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill are in a position to appeal strongly for Labor support. They have sought to enact a budget which, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer asserted in the Commons, is a war budget—that is, a war for social reform. In addition to making a beginning of special land taxation, which the Labor party has long urged, they have inaugurated the system of old-age pensions, and have besides undertaken, through a system of official Labor Exchanges and in other ways, to grapple with the problem of the unemployed. If gratitude were the most powerful motive in politics, the Liberals might certainly be able to count upon the heartiest kind of support by the Independent Labor party. We know, however, that it is not. Pride, selfishness, greed, the spirit of faction, often show themselves able to lead political man to do what gratitude is too feeble to induce him to attempt; and, in spite of the *rapprochement* now visible, it is not probable that we shall see anything like a real consolidation of Liberals and Laborites, even for one general election.

INDIA AND TERRORISM.

Only three days before the assassination of Lieut.-Col. Wyllie, a special correspondent of the London *Times*, in summing up his researches into the present condition of India, showed himself a prophet and a sage:

> That the anarchist organization will continue to spread and will break forth into fitful outrages is tolerably certain. The anarchists remain a class apart, though they are really only the ultimate expression of a very widespread phase of Indian feeling. Lord Morley is under no illusions about their continued existence, and has repeatedly warned the British public that "bombs are not an end." Alone the anarchists could do little. A Punjab civilian said proudly, "The bomb is not made that could burst the Indian Empire."

The murder of Col. Wyllie came, and British opinion, in spite of early manifestations of rage and panic, has on the whole remained sober in the face of exceptional provocation. The Tory press will probably raise an insincere cry for strong measures in India. The violated sanctity of human life in sea-girt Britain will be insisted upon. But the noise will be made for partisan purposes, since India, like the navy, is no longer outside the sphere of domestic politics in England. At heart, there are few Englishmen of standing who believe that reaction is possible or desirable in India.

We catch this mood in the article on Britain's future in India from which we have quoted. At first sight, the writer is openly in favor of a drastic policy against Indian "sedition." He declares that, so far as British rule in the peninsula is endangered, Lord Morley's reforms have not abated that menace in any material degree, for British rule is disliked, not because it is bad, but because it is foreign. Nearly every experienced administrator in India is against the reforms. If Hindu discontent has recently shown signs of abatement, the reason is found, not in Lord Morley's policy of conciliation, but in "the tardy vigor of the authorities in dealing firmly with the seditious press, and in the wise and discriminating exercise of the salutary power of deportation." As for Britain's general attitude toward India, we find the argument of the mailed fist put forth with engaging frankness. "While we believe our presence in India to be for India's good, we must maintain it against a growing and unappeasable antagonism." And yet, for all his fine frenzy, this writer cannot help revealing his perception that force alone will not avail against a great people awakening to national consciousness and modern ideals. He admits that the Indian official is too prone to say, Do this and it shall be done. The Indian politician's right to speak his mind boldly must be recognized. British policy, administrative or legislative, must be willing to defend and explain itself.

But just how it is possible to reconcile the Indian politician's right "to speak his mind boldly" with "the wise and discriminating exercise of the salutary power of deportation," is hard to see. The danger is that a discontented people may be driven to make use of that "ultimate expression" of its feelings which the Hindu student in London employed against Col. Wyllie. Terrorism as a policy has been repeatedly proven futile, as notably in Russia. Terrorism as a symptom has its value. The isolated act of a Guiteau or a Czolgocz is indicative of nothing but an individual aberration. But in Russia, or in India, the political assassin, even though fanatic or half-insane, is the product of conditions. His act may do more harm than good, as the case usually falls; but only in Russia is it imagined that a nation's ailment can be permanently done away with by hanging the individual in whom the general ill-being rises to fever heat. Common sense, which with the British people rises to genius, must recognize the folly of making terrorism an excuse for reaction. Given the awakening of Asia to the aspirations of Western liberalism, and it is not Britain's army, but such reforms as Lord Morley has "forced"—so we are told—upon the Indian administration, that will shape the future of India with a minimum of riot and political assassination.

REFORMING THE FOURTH.

It should seem, to judge from figures compiled by the Chicago *Tribune*, that our great national holiday has this year, thus far, cost us fifty-two lives. After the same interval of time last year, the death-roll was seventy-two. Thus our attempt at a sane Fourth has saved us twenty lives—a great saving, but not enough. To effect a moral reform, the substitution of a good habit for a bad one is essential. A drunkard could never reform in a moral and æsthetic vacuum. But give him sustained new temperamental and emotional interests, and he may wonder why he was ever intemperate. The Fourth of July, as we celebrate it now, is a bad habit, a bad na-

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tional habit, bad in its destruction of life, of health, bad for the nerves and character of the young, as all extreme things are, and harmful to the taste of the entire nation.

Yet, bad as the habit is, we probably cannot get rid of it without the substitution of something else which is good and equally satisfactory to the temperament of the nation. It has been suggested in many places that a wise substitute would be a pageant, representing the trappings and the romantic backgrounds of history. Everybody loves a show, from a circus to a painting by a sixteenth-century Venetian, where a crowd of gayly dressed courtiers and fine ladies march across the piazza, their hearts filled with the excitement of love and with the romance of the national victory they are celebrating. But in our country, it may justly be objected that there have been no kings and queens blazing in ermine and wrought gold, no mediæval church or haughty conquerors; there can be no millennium of history, "no pell-mell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays," no solemn cathedrals to enter, no "Cistercian abbesses, in garments whiter than the driven snow."

Nevertheless, if we have perhaps a sober-garbed history, it is not entirely devoid of the picturesque. Our white-wigged and short-trousered Revolutionary heroes strike tenderly to every American heart, as the decorative costuming of our romantic plays indicates —and what girl novelist of the States has ever failed to find material in our history for a romantic and appealing background? Our wars give opportunity for military scenes in which the trumpet and the brass band may supplant the isolated, impertinent, and destructive firecracker. A hero riding up San Juan Hill is a suggestion that may be made parenthetically.

There are, perhaps, other difficulties in the way of a great American historical pageant. We should need to learn more public honesty, for pageantry would require great coöperation and large appropriations of money. Imagine Tammany Hall organizing a consistent New York pageant for the occasion; imagine the appropriations that would be made!

One of the most important benefits to accrue from a national pageant would be the æsthetic education involved. It would give an opportunity for our municipal artists to exploit their decorative talents. Modern Paris shows how a great spectacle can be organized on a holiday without an impossibly rich reference to history, and with a moderate expenditure of money. Sensibility to form and color and musical harmony would grow, and with it a true patriotism, for we could justly be more patriotic if we had more to be proud of. If the romantic elements in our history could be shown strikingly, who can doubt that our æsthetic taste and our love of country would be heightened? There is no more patriotic people than the French and none that loves more a beautiful, orderly spectacle.

The adoption of the pageant might even create better harmony between parent and child. Children love a loud crackling noise, and their parents hate it. By means of the pageant we might be able to do away with this annoyance, for the pageant would please and refine both parents and children. The trumpet and the band would tickle the ears of the eager child, while his eyes and imagination would be ravished by the glittering pictures of the past. And if he saw at his side his father and his mother as pleased as himself, he might understand the strange fact that grown-up people are human and a pretty good sort, after all.

ELIMINATING THE CHILD.

How is it with the birth-rate in books and on the stage? People who take their æsthetic pleasures seriously, and like to speak of literature as the mirror of life, may find striking confirmation of their view in the simultaneous disappearance of the child from real life and from books. The task of statesmen is being made harder every year by a slackening increase of population. But the novelist and the playwright are not at all in the same boat with the statesman. Small families lighten the writer's problem. His interest being chiefly with the passions and behavior of men and women, he prefers to remove so complicating a factor as children very often constitute in the lives of their fathers and mothers. Thus it has been to the author's purpose even grossly to exaggerate the world's growing reluctance to reproduce. The family, as he usually sees it, is the family of two. We have travelled far from Victorian fiction, with its hordes of angel-infants dying amidst a welter of pathos; but children who die nowadays in literature are so much fewer because so many less of them are born. The dramatist, in this respect, is far more ruthless than the writer of novels. Take the particularly strong plays of the last few seasons, and in those that deal with the triangle or with any other geometrical refutation of the marriage tie, this is the common formula: five or ten years of marriage, husband busy in Colorado, wife bored in Paris, no children; or, husband well-meaning but stupid, wife intellectual and high-strung, either gnawing away at the other's happiness, no children; or, artist husband busy with pictures, artist wife busy with music, temperaments clash, and no children.

In the end, therefore, this kind of literature is untrue, even to conditions in our high-priced apartment houses; for even in flats and apartments children have been known to exist. They may be there in sadly diminished number, but there are enough of them at least to raise most human couples to human families. To Mr. Roosevelt the difference between one child and five children may seem enormous, but that is as nothing, of course, compared with the difference between the home with one child and the typical barren pair of the play or the novel. Why the stage in particular should be like Bethlehem after Herod's orders had been carried out, several matter-of-fact reasons occur. If a playwright puts children into his manuscript, they will have, as a rule, to be shown on the stage. Only now and then will audiences be content with mere allusion to a young family behind the scenes; we know how anxious Sir Roger de Coverley was for a peep at young Pyrrhus, who, by all that was said of him, must have been a fine child. Now, good child-actresses are rare. Plays like "Way Down East" still make their appeal with a stageful of little ones in checked aprons and bonnets, but our more sophisticated audiences will not tolerate the checked apron, and will howl with laughter at the stage-mother who dares to fondle the traditional rag-baby. Yet no such reasons exist for the novelist. If he leaves Rachel disconsolate because her children are not, it is because he chooses to do so.

Not that the modern child is banished either from the theatre or the story.

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Peter Pan, and the unnumbered successors of Alice and of Fauntleroy, show quite enough to the contrary. Our magazines give up an utterly disproportionate amount of space to the humors and tragedies of child-life. There are Josephine Dodge Daskam's children, Myra Kelley's children, Miriam Michelson's children, Ellis Parker Butler's. But here again we have a peculiar type of artificial isolation. It is the children that fill up the book, with parents and other adults as mere foils and background. In other words, the child is the protagonist, and not what he is by nature, the child. He lives in a world of his own into which he has seemingly been projected by a special creative power; he is not a part of the world of grown-up men and women. Corresponding to our realistic form, the type of the father and mother without children, we have here almost a type of children without parents. Perhaps the only branch of art which shows the child in his natural environment is the illustrated joke. When Tommy at the dinner-table asks the minister why his wife is so homely, the artist distinctly shows a horrified father of Tommy at one end of the table and a horrified mother at the other end.

The futility of our childless literature is all the more striking, because so much of this literature attempts to deal with the phenomena of marriage. It is amusing to turn to book after book in which wedlock is depicted either as a trial, or a disillusion, or a burden, or a curse, or at best a very difficult problem, and find the vital factor of the question absent. We imagine Mr. Harriman looking into the affairs of a bankrupt railway. If he discovered that, in spite of economical road-bed construction, excellent equipment, and an admirable personnel, bankruptcy came because the managers objected to hauling freight and hated to bother with passengers, we wonder what Mr. Harriman would say.

NOTES ON FRENCH BOOKS.

PARIS, July 1.

"Le Pluralisme" (Alcan) has an added interest from its author, J.-H. Boex-Borel, the elder of the two brothers that, under the joint name of J.-H. Rosny have won renown in the writing of very distinctive novels. His book is an essay on the discontinuity and heterogeneity of phenomena, from which he argues against all Monism. "L'Être et le connaître" (Leroux), by H. Espinasset, leaves questions of existences to deal with Being, which is the heart of metaphysics, and its relations with Knowing, which is the underpinning of all philosophy and of scientific certainty as well. "Les Systèmes de philosophie" (Alcan), by the late Ernest Naville, treats of "affirmative philosophies," and is, as it were, the last testament of one, who, for the greater part of a century, had taken an active place in philosophic thought. "Essai historique sur les rapports entre la philosophie et la foi, de Bérenger de Tours à Saint Thomas d'Aquin" (Lecoffre), by Th. Heitz, is a study by a Catholic doctor of letters in a question which is still burning, but which was philosophy itself in the mediæval centuries chosen by the author for his theme, when the Scholastic philosophy was in its period of growth. Paul Fournier, dean of the university law faculty at Grenoble, in his "Études sur Joachim de Flore et ses doctrines" (A. Picard et fils), writes learnedly of the mystic doctrines of one who is little known, and that only as an apocalyptic seer. For Dante, who came just a century later, he was "with the spirit of prophecy endowed"; the Scholastics variously noted him; and his Eternal Gospel has been claimed alike by orthodox and heretical religious revivals down to our own day. René Waltz, in his "Vie de Senèque" (Perrin), presents an earnest study of the philosopher who strayed into Roman imperial politics with harm to himself and no apparent good to Nero, but with good intent as the book explains.

Professors Charles Gide and Ch. Rist publish a considerable work, "Histoire des doctrines économiques depuis les Physiocrates jusqu'à nos jours" (Larose). "Le Contrat social et les idées politiques de J.-J. Rousseau" (A. Rousseau), by Henri Rodet, a doctor of laws, analyzes the history of ideas which had to do with North and South America as well as French Revolutions. Eugène d'Eichthal, son of John Stuart Mills's correspondent and himself of the Tocqueville Liberal Democratic school, in 'Pages sociales" (Alcan) comes back again, briefly and clearly, on the social revolution, State and Democracy, and moral and religious France. J. Maxwell, a French judge of experience, treats of the duty of the community to the underworld, in "Le Crime et la société" (Flammarion); the book forms a volume of the popular Bibliothèque de Philosophie scientifique.

The Vicomte G. d'Avenel continues the long series of his studies in the economic life and mechanism of France from the middle ages to our own day, in "Les Riches depuis sept cents ans" (Armand Colin). It completes the book already published by him on peasants and workmen during the same period of time. The rich are all those who have a yearly income exceeding $500, whether from capital or labor. State functionaries, soldiers, judges, priests, diplomats, professors, and professional men, like doctors and lawyers, artists and actors, and men of letters—all pass in review from the standpoint of their annual money receipts or the payment of their work. Even the exceptions are interesting, like the million and a half of francs paid for an operation on Louis the Fourteenth, and Voltaire's riches, which were earned by other than literary industry. The final chapter comes to striking, and, at first sight, confusing conclusions. Capital in France within a hundred years has increased sixfold and wages only fourfold; and the distance between rich and poor has been increased. And yet the cost of living has scarcely doubled. Here are pretty problems of human equality. The total annual money income of France is estimated at 27,000,000,000 francs; and there are 11,000,000 separate households. Divided equally, this would give 2,500 francs for each home—the $500 per year which the book counts as riches. Country laborers earn not one half as much; many Paris workmen earn much more. Our author goes on to show that, meanwhile, the employer's share in industry and trade has also diminished. The increase of capital has, therefore, not been made at the workman's expense. That is, capital grows for other reasons than labor—by unearned increment in cities and elsewhere with ease of communications; by interest on public funds and bonds, in which capital has been invested—for labor has a yearly receipt, but capital is the accumulated receipt of fifty years. And, most of all, in France, capital increases from foreign sources where money is invested. In France, there are consequently more revenues than wages in the annual receipts; in America more wages and salaries than revenues. Hence the vanity of hard and fast deductions to prove an opposition in the development of capital and wages, or against the production of "economic highnesses" by democracies, since inevitable evolution may equalize enjoyments of well-being, but never of fortunes.

The third volume of "L'Internationale —documents et souvenirs (1864-1878)," by James Guillaume, deals with a period (1872-1876) in which the organized movement to equalize social conditions by the suppression of individual distinctions due to the possession of capital reached its natural end in the Anarchy of Bakunin. As in the former volumes, the very personal rôle played by the author colors and heightens the interest of his narration, the more so as the spirit of the Internationale has not lapsed with its organization. We have the long-announced posthumous volume

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of Sully-Prudhomme, "Le Lien social" (Alcan), edited by C. Hémon, one of the poet-philosopher's disciples. It is deep dreaming of a subject by one whose mind's eye was essentially philosophic; but it is to be feared that our general confederations of labor will look rather to realities in countable wages than to moralities like solidarity and social union.

Henri Hauser of the University of Dijon continues his great work for students of history in the second volume (A. Picard et fils) of "Les Sources de l'histoire de France, XVIe siècle (1494-1610." It covers the reigns of Francis I and Henry II (1515-1559), with a first section on general and French sources, and a second on foreign sources for Francis; a third section for Henry; and a fourth devoted to details of Henry's reign. The third volume will do the same work for Francis II, Charles VIII, and Henry III, leaving a fourth for Henry IV. The entire work will thus comprise the Renaissance in France from its beginning in the Italian wars of Charles VIII and Louis XII, which was the matter of the first volume. It is rare that so complete a period of national life coincides so nearly with an artificial division of centuries. M. Pellechet publishes the third volume of his general catalogue of the Incunabula of the public libraries of France, reaching from "compagnies" to "Gregorius Magnus." It forms a volume of 660 pages. Georges Doutrepont of the University of Louvain gives us a volume of 550 pages on "La Littérature Française à la cour des Ducs de Bourgogne" (H. Champion) —Philippe le Hardi, Jean sans Peur, Philippe le Bon, and Charles le Téméraire. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A copy of the exceedingly rare account in Italian of Frobisher's voyages has recently turned up. This little book, of which no other copy is traceable, has been barely mentioned by bibliographers, who have only quoted Ternaux's meagre transcript. The title, condensed, reads: "Lo Scoprimento dello Stretto Artico et di Meta Incognita Ritrovato hel' Anno MDLXXVII & 1578 dal Capitano Martino Frobishero Inglese. Posto Novovamente in luce nel nostro idioma Italiano dal Sig. Gio. Lorenzo Anania. . . . In Napoli Appresso Gio. Battista Cappelli, 1582." The copy of the book which sold in Bright's sale (No. 2304 of the Catalogue), in March, 1845, bringing £2 10s., cannot now be located, unless it be, indeed, the present copy, which is in similar binding, "vellum, gilt leaves."

The authorized contemporary account of Frobisher's three voyages of 1576, 1577, and 1578 was prepared by George Beste, and printed by Henry Bynnemann in 1578 (the colophon is dated December 10) with the title, "A True Discourse of the late Voyages of discoverie, for the finding of a passage to Cathaya, by the Northweast." Of this book there are copies in the British Museum, John Carter Brown, and Lenox Libraries, and in the private collections of Robert Hoe, E. D. Church, A. T. White, and E. E. Ayer.

In his Dedication Beste says that "by sundrie men's fantasies, sundry untruths are spread abroad, to the gret slaunder of this so honest and honorable an action." The printer, Bynnemann, in his address to the reader, refers to the same unauthorized publications as follows:

> And for that (as I understand) many trifling pamphlets have bin secretly thrust out, not only without the consent of the captaynes and executioners of the same, but also rather to the great disgrace of the worthy voyage, than otherwise.

The "trifling pamphlets" referred to must be those little books by Settle, Ellis, and Churchyard. Dionysius Settle's account of the second voyage (of 1577) was published as "A True Report of the Laste Voyage into the West and Northwest regions" by Henrie Middleton in 1577. Three copies are known, in the British Museum, John Carter Brown, and E. D. Church libraries. The latter copy brought £760 at Sotheby's in March, 1907. The British Museum copy contains a manuscript note to the effect that the writer had "seen a second edition of Settle's True reporte of the same year, with some slight alterations" but no copy of this second edition, as described, can now be traced.

Thomas Ellis, "sailor and one of the companie," wrote "A True Reporte of the Third and Last Voyage into Meta Incognita," which was printed in 1578 by Thomas Dawson as a small octavo of twenty leaves. Though this book (wrongly called a quarto) is described by Lowndes and copied from him by Sabin, the only copy now known is the one in the Church collection. It was purchased at Sotheby's in March, 1907, for £920.

Thomas Churchyard, a literary hack of the end of the sixteenth century, was a friend of Frobisher's apparently. He published in May, 1578, just before Frobisher set out on his third voyage, "A Prayse and Reporte of Maister Martin Forboishers Voyage to Meta Incognita," and at the end of the year he added to some copies of his "Disccourse of the Queenes Maiesties Entertainement in Suffolk and Norffolk" four leaves containing "A welcome home to Master Martin Frobusher." This latter is in verse, and in it he refers to the preceding book:

> A Boke I made, at thy Farewell,
> in prose (where ere it is)
> Another for thy Welcome home,
> thou shalt have after this,
> If this mislike thee any whitte.

Of the prose tract only three copies seem to be known, two in the British Museum, and a third in the Church collection. The latter brought £1,000 in March, 1907.

Settle's book seems first to have been translated into French and printed (probably at Geneva) by Anthoine Chuppin as "La Navigation du Capitaine Martin Forbisher." Of this there are copies in the British Museum, John Carter Brown, and Lenox libraries, and in the Church collection.

From the French version translations were made into Latin and German, both published in 1580 at Nuremberg by Catharine Gerlachin. These had included an account of the second voyage only. Then in 1582 at Naples there appeared the Italian translation noted above. This contains an account of both the second and third voyages, the latter probably adapted from Ellis's book.

Correspondence.

"BOOSTING."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not long ago, Edward S. Martin wrote for the *Atlantic* an interesting little essay on advertisement. In its cheerful homage to the God of Things As They Are, the essay was characteristic both of the author and of the times. If I understood Mr. Martin correctly, his drift was that the prejudice against the advertisement of personal or professional qualities is old-fashioned and rather foolish; that advertisement of everything is a natural development of democracy and the spread of education; and that it must be a good thing, since "it is a form of publicity," and publicity is "cousin to Truth, and Truth shall prevail." The cousinship sometimes appears to be rather distant; but, even if we let that pass, is it not rather a strange kind of argument by which the excellence of a person may be inferred from the belief that his cousin shall prevail?

Whether the inference is sound or not, I presume the conclusion would be accepted without much question by most Americans. As a nation, we believe in advertising everything, from sermons to shoelaces, from colleges to cathartics. There is a form of advertisement very popular in this part of the country, and I think growing in popularity elsewhere, commonly known as "boosting." No doubt it is a distant cousin of Truth. At all events, I should like to examine both the cousin and the cousinship a little.

The term is, of course, a metaphorical application of a word that we all used as boys. The metaphorical usage, I think, originated in the West; it is widely employed here, and seems to be coming into use all over the country. Not long ago I came across it in the comparatively classic pages of the Springfield *Republican*. The dictionary says that the word is etymologically connected with "to boast," and with words in other languages meaning "to blow" or "to swell." It is a hard word to define accurately, but it means approximately this: to praise constantly and liberally anything or everything relating to one's self—for instance, one's town or State or college or country; and never to admit any defect in these things. The direct opposite of "to boost" is "to knock," that is, to blame, recognize, or admit some faults or differences from the ideal in anything relating to one's self. Boosting is coming to be recognized as one of the cardinal virtues. A newspaper recently concluded an enthusiastic eulogy of a prominent citizen with these solemn words: "He was a booster." Knocking, on the other hand, is regarded as one of the Seven Deadly Sins, having, perhaps, displaced pride in that illustrious company.

The conscientious cultivation of this virtue and avoidance of this vice have already led to some interesting results in the rising generation. The avowed aim of boosting is progress, and progress of a material kind may have been aided by the first generation of boosters, who never more than half believed what they said. They were whistling to keep their courage up. But the second generation takes boosting literally. Through a natural and par-

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donable confusion of boosting with its distant cousin, Truth, they have reached a state of mind similar to that of those who, in other days, believed that they were the elect—with this important difference, that, while the elect believed that they alone had attained perfection, the young Americans I have in mind believe that everything even remotely pertaining to themselves has attained it. You cannot convince them, for instance, that English railways have fewer accidents than ours, or that German cities are better governed. The thing is inconceivable: are not we the greatest and best people in the world?

The ideal goal toward which the boosters are tending and which, as I have suggested, some of them have already reached, is a state of mind similar to that of China before China began to wake up. Could anything be more Chinese than the following paragraph, from a high school oration which was approved by the principal of the school and entered in an interscholastic contest:

> Conceit reigns unmolested in the hearts of men. Foreigners have been so careless in their expressions and so conceited in their hearts as to pick flaws in American character and custom.

Taken by itself, this is amusing enough, but when we consider that it represents the honest opinion of a considerable part of young America, it is enough to make the judicious grieve, if not to make the angels weep. The lack of opportunities for comparison resulting from our geographical isolation makes us peculiarly liable to this sort of infatuation. It may become a serious menace to the national welfare. A keen observer, Mrs. Anna M. Rogers, who recognizes and deplores this tendency, has suggested that it might be partly counteracted by introducing into our public schools the reading of such intelligent foreign criticism of America as Arnold's and Münsterberg's. The suggestion seems worth careful consideration. A bit of reading which might be quite as valuable for this purpose, and which ought to be printed in every reading book in America, is Cardinal Newman's definition of a gentleman. The ideal there beautifully set forth is one that we cannot afford to forget.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Colorado Springs, June 24.

THE DUTY ON PICTURE POST-CARDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your arraignment of the action of the Finance Committee of the Senate in increasing the duty on picture post-cards by over 300 per cent. (contained in your issue of July 1) has had rather an exhilarating effect on me, although I am myself engaged in the lithographing and printing business, and am a member of the National Association of Employing Lithographers, through whose efforts, I believe, the Finance Committee of the Senate was persuaded to raise the import duties in question.

I feel that in principle your position is absolutely correct. I believe in the blessings that come with the fight for existence, and I personally delight to meet and to grapple with competition. In fact, as for myself and my company, I do not much care what the tariff is. But I feel it would be as unfair to press my convictions on my colleagues, as it seems unjust on your part to pass judgment on the apparently ludicrous proposition of raising the duties on picture post-cards over 300 per cent., without carefully weighing what may be said on the other side of the question.

The facts are that without some such equalizing duty post-cards, of the kind in view, cannot be produced in America. Whether or not, under these conditions, they should be attempted at all is another question. My own company, on several occasions, has considered the advisability of entering this large and seductive field, but was obliged each time to pass the proposition by.

The reasons why, without heavy tariff protection, picture post-cards cannot be made in America are:

(1.) Because the wages for work of this class are in Germany from one-half down to one-fourth of our own standards and scales as established by the unions.

(2.) Because we are debarred by Federal laws from importing from European countries artisans expert at this class of work—or any other, for that matter.

Now, in commodities of this kind, the labor item alone is between 35 per cent. and 50 per cent. of the output value. Against this initial cost the fact that the German must buy photographs here, reproduce them at home, transport them back again, is of very small significance. All our ingenuity and efforts at economy in production go for little when the item of skilled human labor forms so large a part of the selling price of a given article.

But the greatest handicap that commercial art work in our country has to contend with is contained in that disgraceful and insidious law which prevents the engagement freely of new talent wherever it may be found: the so-called alien contract law. Organized labor, the father of this law, secure in its hold upon American industry, has contrived to deaden individual effort and to restrain technical advancement among its members, while at the same time, with the aid of this law, it prevents the employer from infusing, by importations from technically more alert and advanced countries, new blood with which to take up competition with the rest of the world on something like equal terms.

JULIUS GUGLER.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 4.

TAXING CORPORATION BONDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In "The Week" of your issue of July 1, you refer to the proposal, in the tariff bill now before the Senate, for a tax on corporations and strongly object to exempting them from paying a tax on their bonds. I cannot conceive how you or any other sensible man can see any right, equity, or justice in an attempt to make a corporation, or a man, pay a tax on the debts he owes. Corporate bonds are merely evidences of a debt owing by the corporation. Why should a corporation pay taxes on its debts any more than you should pay a tax on your note of hand or on a debt you may owe to your grocer or butcher? I have never heard of a more monstrous proposition. If you would have the owner of the bond pay a tax on it, you would then have an income tax and not a corporation tax at all.

Congress, and, I believe, every property owner in the country, are opposed, and rightly, I think, to an income tax, and I believe Congress would do a great wrong if it tried to accomplish by indirection what it dare not do directly.

Of course all socialists, and populists, and non-tax-payers are in favor of an income tax, for the reason that it will rob the property owner, but I cannot conceive that you belong to either of these classes, and hence cannot conceive how you can think that a corporation should pay a tax on its debts.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Chicago, July 5.

[There was no proposal to tax bonds. It was only a question whether the interest on bonds should be deducted from the net income of the corporation on which the tax was to be levied.—ED. NATION.]

THE TARIFF ON ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The tariff bill, now in process of preparation, having passed the Senate, will soon be in the hands of a committee of conference of the two Houses.

I believe that there is a difference between the Senate and the House on the subject of the admission to this country of works of art, the provision of the Payne bill relating to that matter being more liberal, according to my present understanding, than that of the proposed Aldrich or Senate bill.

In the issue of the London *Athenæum* for June 12, 1909 (p. 708), there is a paper on the "Chauchard Legacy to the Louvre." In this case a collector of works of art had accumulated a most valuable gallery of modern paintings, numbering nearly 200 pictures of a high grade; and he has now left it to the nation. Among these masterpieces are no less than twenty-five examples of Corot, seventeen of Diaz, eight of Daubigny, seven of Th. Rousseau, eighteen of Troyon, and twenty-six of Meissonier. After thus enumerating them, the writer of the article in the *Athenæum* proceeds as follows:

> The most famous, although perhaps not the finest, of the seven by J. F. Millet is L'Angelus, which, originally sold for about £60, was knocked down in the Sécretan sale in 1889 for 553,000 francs. It was then obtained by M. Antonin Proust, who was acting on behalf of those who desired that it should remain in France; but the French government decided not to purchase the picture at this high price, and M. Proust handed it over to an American syndicate, who had been the underbidders. But the American customs authorities claimed a duty of something like £7,000, which they consented to waive on condition that the picture did not remain more than six months in America, and was not resold there. So the picture found its way back to Paris, and was purchased by M. Chauchard.

At just this juncture, and with a new proposed tariff under consideration, the above extract from a foreign journal calls for no comment. It speaks for itself.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

Boston, July 7.

THE TRIAL OF ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent notes in your columns on the trial and punishment of animals in

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mediæval times seem to have come exclusively from antiquarians, philologists, and literators. It is a little odd that the lawyers' share in elucidating the meaning of those practices has apparently not come to the notice of your learned correspondents; though the subject is essentially one of legal history. A careful study of it was printed in 1892, by Prof. Karl von Amira (then of Innsbruck, now of Munich), one of Germany's greatest legal historians, "Thierstrafen und Thierprocesse." A long list of other references (in part by legal historians) will be found in Dr. E. P. Evans's "Criminal Prosecution and Capital Punishment of Animals" (New York, 1907). The first part of this volume treats the matter historically; Dr. Evans, not being, I believe, a lawyer, has not fully traced out the latent legal ideas.

A chief explanatory fact, for all these practices, is the primitive and mediæval attitude towards what we should now call the theory of criminal responsibility; the treatment of animals is merely one side of a larger subject. Citations to the works dealing with it, not only in Europe but in other systems of law, will be found in essay No. 66 of "Select Essays in Anglo-American Legal History" (Boston; vol. III, now in press). W.

Chicago, July 1.

Notes.

Ernest H. Shackleton's book, giving a full account of his antarctic expeditions, 1907-1909, will be published in November by the J. B. Lippincott Company. It will be issued in two substantial volumes with color plates and more than 300 illustrations from photographs.

The Oxford University Press announces for early publication "A Short History of English Agriculture," by W. H. R. Curtler.

Late this summer Duffield & Co. will bring out Albert Sonnichsen's "Confessions of a Macedonian Bandit," giving his adventures in Macedonia as a member of the Committee of Revolution. The same house promises for the early autumn a new issue of the Shakespeare Library, to be called "The Shakespeare Allusion Book." It will be in two octavo volumes, and will contain the allusions originally collected by Dr. Ingleby, Miss L. Toulmin Smith, and Dr. Furnivall, now for the first time arranged in chronological order and supplemented with explanatory notes.

A ninth edition of "Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, with Excursions to Iceland and Spitsbergen" has come to us from the incomparable Baedeker (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). In its present form this work is revised and somewhat augmented, and with its abundance of maps and plots offers a strong lure to travel in these Northern lands.

The first of the series of Noble Thoughts, edited by the late Dana Estes, and published by Dana Estes & Co., contains the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius." It is regrettable that no indication is given of the translator whose version is here followed, or of the fact that the text is not reproduced in its complete form. A second volume contains "The Thoughts of John Ruskin," a series of short paragraphs grouped under such headings as Beauty, Painting, and Nature Studies. Each volume has a suitable introduction, and is printed in heavy faced type and bound in limp green leather.

Mr. (or, as we must now say, Sir) Henry W. Lucy's "Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way" (E. P. Dutton) is a pleasant but slight narrative of his journalistic experiences and his friendships. Most of the volume had previous publication in various periodicals, and the collection of the articles here does not rob them of their fugitive look. Good nature, a gentle humor, absence of bitterness or of style that bites—these are the qualities which the writer has long identified with his name, and they mark this latest book of his.

The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield has evidently taken upon himself to gather into a succession of volumes the romance and humors of old English life. Some time ago (November 7, 1907) we had occasion to speak of his book on "The Parish Clerk." Again, the next year (September 10, 1908) he brought out a pleasant work on "The Charm of the English Village." Now E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing in this country the second edition of "The Old-Time Parson," which, as the title implies, is a companion volume to "The Parish Clerk." It seems to us a pity that Mr. Ditchfield in this book should have given so much space to controversial matters of the Reformation, and especially to a rather bitter account of the sufferings of the clergy under the Commonwealth. That he should write from the high Anglican point of view is natural, and indeed only a man of such persuasion would be likely to devote his time to gathering up these annals of clerical life. But we enjoy his work much more when he forgets the battles of intolerance and gives us stories of the eccentricities and beautiful charities of old-time country parsons. There is abundance of material of this sort in his chapters, but there is still room for a fuller story of the life represented by such men as George Herbert on the one hand, and R. S. Hawker on the other.

"The Struggle for Imperial Unity," by Col. George T. Denison (The Macmillan Co.), recounts the experiences and recollections of a Canadian imbued with a dominating passion for a Pan-Anglican *Kriegs- und Zoll-Verein*. The question of the desirability of an eventual economic and political alignment of Canada with the United States is simply not arguable with Col. Denison. For a Canadian to entertain such a hope he says flatly is treason. The book narrates the author's exertions in awakening the imperial spirit in Canada and in England. Some passages offend the American reader. There is a superfluous strain of rather contemptuous reflection upon our "national spirit," the "Yankee militia," and our mercenary motives (pp. 66, 162, 193). One must concede, however, that the design which Col. Denison has at heart has been very sensibly promoted by his tireless efforts in its behalf. His accounts of interviews with Lord Salisbury, Joseph Chamberlain, and others, are illuminating, and the American statesman may profit by the author's account of how the national spirit in Canada has been fostered by our own stupid policy toward them. Since the expiry of our reciprocity treaty with Canada, the Dominion has been created, and manifold ties have bound it more closely to Great Britain. We have contributed our share to this alienation of Canada by the McKinley tariff and the virulence of the Venezuelan message.

The publishing house of A. Pierson, in Dresden, has brought out "Perlen Englischer Dichtung" (Pearls of English Poetry), by Herman Behr. Mr. Behr is not a German author, but a New York business man, who devotes his leisure to literary pursuits. "Perlen Englischer Dichtung" is the result of several years' labor of love, inspired in turn by the translator's enthusiasm for the fifty poems which he has rendered into German. Nor has he made his problem easy by selecting poems that, as it were, translate themselves. Certainly, "The Bridge of Sighs" is one of the most difficult English poems to reproduce in a foreign language, yet Mr. Behr has preserved not only the dirgelike rhythmical cadence, but also the pathos of the original. "Locksley Hall," in certain stanzas, actually seems more sonorous in German, and several of Keats's odes are most happily transferred. Indeed, Mr. Behr's translations hold to the poems, from which they are made, the same relation as do fine mezzotint engravings to the original paintings. They are interpretations in another medium, not copies.

President Henry Churchill King's "The Laws of Friendship" (Macmillan) is a good book for an age little given to seeing visions or indulging in dreams. It treats its great theme, human and divine, *con amore*, yet without rapture. President King does not value very highly those rare moments of ecstasy which come to the introspective saint. Into the genuine and mysterious joys of life we pass, he holds, by no mysterious means, but by common and open ways. The man who has learned obedience to the laws of disinterested love in the human relationship has already learned the laws which govern right relationship with God. This implies that friendship with God must be sustained by a broad, many-sided culture. "How can our love increase," was the deep question of Thoreau, "unless our loveliness increases also?" Particularly suggestive is the chapter on the "Self-Forgetful Mood," which is an exposition of the inalterable truth that the strongest friendships are formed between those who forget themselves and each other in their devotion to some heart-uplifting cause—the cause, for example, of God. Though we miss in this work the golden vistas of illumination opened to us by the old English divines, we find in it something of their eagerness to know the highest friendship, and something of their wisdom in the pursuit of it.

The two volumes on Edward Randolph, now issued by the Prince Society (Boston), add not a little to our knowledge of that interesting and somewhat erratic royal commissioner, sent from England to control customs duties in the colonies in the last quarter of the seventeenth century. A number of documents have been found since Mr. Toppan's volumes on Randolph were printed, and of especial value is a series of letters from Randolph to Blathwayt intended for the personal use of the latter. In such a form the agent

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could be more free in his expressions, and full use was made of this freedom. This he found to his cost, for an intercepted letter led to his imprisonment, the Governor of Bermuda not liking some of the criticisms of his conduct. Nor was this the only instance of persecution directed against Randolph. It was but natural for him to arouse the dislike and opposition of the colonists, for he was possessed by the idea that a good part of the colonial trade was illegal, and attempted to prove it so by enforcing the laws. It was one thing to pass the laws in London, and quite another to enforce them in America. Many in high office were concerned in the forbidden practices, and they resented his interference. The Governors would tell him that they were there to carry out the laws, and their instructions were sufficient to control the administration of the customs. Wherever he went, and he was in every colony from Piscataqua to Bermuda, he saw the same conditions: neglect of the law, dishonest officials, and combinations among the great to share in the illegal profits. He warned his superiors against the "leprosye of Rebellion" that had spread from Boston. He suffered by his connection with Andros and his eagerness to prove his worth to the King. The juries would not convict, the courts would not enforce his seizures of goods or vessels, and the merchants ignored his demand for formalities in entries. He was, as he said, an "unwelcome guest." He had a strong prejudice against the Scotch, who had been active in absorbing the rich tobacco trade of Virginia and Maryland; but his protests were ignored or met in such a fashion as to make him "quite tyred with the starched conversation and Spanish Gravity of ye Genl. Assembly." He appears to have been an intelligent but over-zealous and untactful officer, recognizing what was wrong, and intent upon correcting through law. His reports are good reading as well as good history, and he was as honest in pocket as in opinion, which is high praise for that day. The documents are admirably edited by the Rev. Mr. A. T. S. Goodrick.

"The Russian Conquest of the Caucasus," by John F. Baddeley, with maps, plans, and illustrations (Longmans, Green, & Co.), gives a history of the campaigns against the Caucasus as a whole up to 1829, including an account of the Turkish and Persian wars in the regions south of the mountains; and of the conquest of the tribes in the eastern Caucasus, ending with the capture of their leader Shamil in 1859. The desultory fighting against the western tribes, as intrinsically less interesting, is not recounted. Mr. Baddeley is personally familiar with the regions of which he writes, and draws his historical materials largely from Russian official sources. His main subject, the wars of the Russians with the tribesmen, has never before been presented to English readers. Of them he gives a clear and impartial, but not a particularly animated, narrative. Though his point of view is that of a military historian, he is not blind to the human and romantic interests involved. Of each commander's work he forms an independent judgment, casting grave doubts, for example, on the wisdom of Yermóloff's policy of ruthless repression, which he regards as responsible in large measure for the growth of Muridism and so for the nearly thirty years of warfare, with its legacies of hatred, required to repress it. His general sympathies for the Russians do not prevent him from heartily admiring the heroic struggle of Shamil and his few thousands of followers against the forces of an empire that encircled him on all sides. The volume is handsomely and accurately printed. A full index, and, above all, a number of excellent maps, make it possible for even an untrained reader to follow the complicated operations described in the text.

"Brittany: the Land of the Sardine," by Hugh M. Smith, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for June, is an unusually interesting and suggestive account of a people remarkable in many respects, but especially for the preservation of their ancient racial characteristics. Their aloofness from their neighbors is shown by the fact that one in every five Bretons cannot speak French, while "many features of Breton religious practice to-day are relics of prehistoric paganism." As the author's visit was in the interest of the Bureau of Fisheries, of which he is deputy commissioner, the most attention is paid to the sardine industry, which is the principal dependence of the people, some of the more than 100 canneries having an output in ordinary years of 5,000,000 boxes each, the number of employees being 30,000 fishermen and 20,000 canners, mostly women and girls. The article is fully illustrated. Attention should also be directed to the remarkable series of pictures of the world's highest mountains with accompanying text by Charles E. Fay, first president of the American Alpine Club. The announcement is made that the National Geographic Society has sent an expedition, under the leadership of Prof. R. S. Tarr of Cornell and Prof. L. Martin of the University of Wisconsin, to spend July, August, and September in studying the glaciers of southeastern Alaska, in many respects the most important, geographically, in the world.

The Pope has recently established in Rome a new Papal Bible Institute, and the Catholic papers reproduce the official Apostolic Declaration that is to control its work. The rules are the following: (1.) The Papal Biblical Institute is directly dependent on the Apostolic chair and is to be controlled by the directions and orders of the latter; (2) the management of the Institute is to be in the hands of a chairman to be appointed by the Pope, and this chairman is to represent the Institute externally and report all important matter pertaining to the Institute at least once a year to the Papal chair; (3) the full or ordinary professors of the Institute are to constitute its council, which, in conjunction with the chairman, is to oversee its work; (4) the highest norm for the studies and the control of the Institute will be determined by the Apostolic chair and be issued by the Papal Biblical Commission in the form of decrees and orders. These decrees and orders are to be rigidly observed, and all members of the Institute are to coöperate in this work, be they teachers or students. By way of comment on this new arrangement the *Kirchenzeitung* of Leipzig, a leading Protestant organ, declares that the whole project is to control Bible studies within the Catholic church, crush out independent scholarship, and make learning subservient to the interests of the Papal chair.

As a further instalment of the Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher (Tübingen: Mohr), we have now "Christus, Die Anfänge des Dogmas," by Prof. Johannes Weiss of Heidelberg. The popularity of this remarkable series appears from the fact that this brochure is at once published in an edition of ten thousand.

The Insel-Verlag of Leipzig has issued the seventh volume of its new and complete edition of the works of Wilhelm Heinse. It is a book of 316 pages, containing the diaries from 1780 to 1800. The editor is Carl Schüddekopf, assistant professor of the Goethe und Schiller Archiv in Weimar. The work gives intimate glimpses of the personality of the author, whose "Ardinghello" and "Hildegard von Hohenthal" have delighted artists and musicians no less than readers of philosophical fiction.

No writer among the German romanticists has been more frequently edited and more widely discussed than E. T. A. Hoffmann. French critics so readily appreciated his fanciful whimsicality that he became one of the most popular German authors in their country. Interest in his versatile and erratic genius has recently experienced a strong revival in Germany. His musical compositions have been published, and the Bibliographische Institut of Leipzig has entrusted Dr. Victor Schweizer with a critical, annotated edition of his complete works, of which the fourth volume is now ready.

Volume II of the Arabic text of Jaqut's "Dictionary of Learned Men," published by the Trustees of the Gibb Memorial (Leyden: Brill; London: Luzac), is edited by Prof. D. S. Margoliouth of Oxford, who asks that persons who discover the existence of portions of this work in libraries or collections of which there are no printed catalogues will communicate their knowledge either to him or to one of the trustees. This volume, like the first, is taken from MS. Bodl. Or. 753, and brings the work down to the end of the letter *Jim*.

The Academy of Neuenburg in Switzerland, by resolution of the government authorities, has been changed into a full university. This makes the seventh university in Switzerland.

The Bavarian Academy of Sciences in Munich, with the assistance of the Academies of Berlin, Göttingen, and Leipzig, has begun the publication of a "Gesamtausgabe der Mittelalterlichen Handschriften Verzeichnisse Deutschlands." The material has been collecting since 1906, and includes all the libraries and book centres of the Middle Ages in Germany and German Switzerland. The matter will be brought down to 1500. This new venture, of equal importance for the theologian, the philologian, and the historian, is in editorial charge of Dr. Paul Lehmann of Munich.

The 30,000 francs of the Fondation Brousse has been distributed by the French Institute. Three thousand francs go to the publication of the correspondence of Bossuet, and a like amount for the reproduction of a MS. of Plato. Other awards are made, the largest of which is 7,000 francs for the rearrangement of the library and reference room of the Institute.

John F. Hume, an abolitionist editor and banker, died last Saturday in Poughkeepsie,

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aged seventy-nine years. Mr. Hume was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1850. In 1855 he was a member of the Ohio State Legislature. In 1858 he moved to St. Louis, where he became editor of the *Globe-Democrat*. He was a vigorous opponent of the slave traffic. One of his books, "The Abolitionist," is considered a classic on the subject.

From Gotha comes the news of the death of Dr. August Specht, at the age of sixty-four. He was for many years editor of *Menschentum*, a liberal organ. His publications include: "Populäre Entwickelungsgeschichte der Welt," "Theologie und Wissenschaft," and "Gehirn und Seele."

RECENT VERSE.

Star-Glow and Song. By Charles Buxton Going. New York: Harper & Bros.

The House of Falling Leaves and Other Poems. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Nirvana Days. By Cale Young Rice. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A Wine of Wizardry and Other Poems. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

Day Dreams of Greece. By Charles Wharton Stork. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Artemision: Idylls and Songs. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Artemis to Actæon and Other Verse. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

When Lincoln Died and Other Poems. By Edward William Thomson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Songs from Sky Meadows. By Charles H. Crandall. New York: Outing Publishing Co.

The Irish Poems of Alfred Perceval Graves. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Joy o' Life and Other Poems. By Theodosia Garrison. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Each in His Own Tongue and Other Poems. By William Herbert Carruth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The verse has been running a little thin of late. For the season there may be a dozen volumes of interest—hardly more. Curiously enough, they have few characteristics in common, as though the writers were uncertain of the right way and had agreed to scatter in search of it. And yet there are certain recurrent, if not persistent, notes which make a kind of comparison possible. Among them is distinctly audible the pulse of the sea—not the heroical Homeric beat, the oceanic heave and surge, but a dreamlike nostalgic murmur, insinuating and Circean. Like a sob it haunts the second part of Mr. Going's "Star-Glow and Song," which contains by all odds his best work, such is the natural witchery of the theme:

These are great songs that hold the heart
Wakeful among the silences.
. . . . . .
Songs of the sea
That murmur round the caverns and the crags,
Sob in the rising tide and prattle low
Ebbing among the pebbles of the beach.
They cry strange things, and call along the strand
Till men leave home and love to follow them.
And some return with vision-haunted eyes;
But some the sea drags down, and over them—
Dim, spectral, wavering—the hollow surf
Intones forever.

It is the same strain that mingles, too, with the elegiac rustle of foliage in Mr. Braithwaite's "House of Falling Leaves," and accompanies regretfully his plaint for the loss of Frederic Knowles, to whose memory the volume is dedicated. In a sonnet on Sir Walter Raleigh, in particular, he catches admirably, save for a halting line or two, the plaintive appealingness of coastwise waters, the sea of reef and shallow and falling shore:

He heard the four winds and the seven seas,
And voices inland under alien stars,
And drove ambition like auroral cars
Striking the hill-tops when the darkness flees.
Vain in his dreams but brave in his vanities;
No carpet-knight yet versed in parlor wars;
And half a rogue when honesty debars
The desire to take the prize his fancy sees.

And yet he knew the silences of speech—
The leaf-heard utterances of April rains;
The echoes in the twilight out of reach
Beyond the dim horizon where it wanes.
And like the distant sea-wash on the beach
He sang a few sad tender lyric strains.

With Mr. Rice also the sea is a favorite subject. But in his "Nirvana Days" it has begun to grow a little feline. It is not merely a presence that calls to the kindred tides of the blood and the pulses of the brain, but an *Ungeheuer*, a thing shifty, seductive, and perfidious as well:

Night is above me,
And Night is above the night.
The sea is beside me soughing, or is still.
The earth as a somnambulist moves on
In a strange sleep. . . .
A sea-bird cries,
And the cry wakes in me
Dim, dead sea-folk, my sires—
Who more than myself are me.
Who sat on their beach long nights ago and saw
The sea in its silence;
And cursed it or implored;
Or with the Cross defied;
Then on the morrow in their boats went down.

Significant or not, the little sense of uncanniness which is just perceptible in these lines, is worth noticing, for it reappears every now and then, stringing these verses like a scarlet thread. Mr. Rice himself has drawn it out and woven it into an extraordinary pattern in another poem, "more or less dramatic," purporting to be "written in Hell by Sir Giles, whom the witch of Urm leads to Judas Iscariot." A single stanza will suffice as an example of this curious experiment in unearthliness:

So I was drawn through dark cadaverous
with the sound of gabbling dead.
Where we heard them hoot palaverous
Drivel learned beneath unsavorous
Moulds, and saw a glutton's head
Grin to a hissing bat,
That scraped him as he spat.

Tour de force though this may be—for the verses have a kind of cumulative imperiousness when read consecutively—it gains a certain authority for the kind of thing it is, when it is found repeated independently by other poets. Mr. Sterling's "Wine of Wizardry" contains another example in a "Dream of Fear"—a sort of ghoulish graveyard stroll—in which the two spirits of romance and fatality, which mark his verse most prominently, seem to have met and condensed into a hopeless obsession of misery. He is at his best, however, when he keeps the two strains apart—in his "Homing of Drake" or his resonant "Romance":

Thou passest, and we know thee not, Romance!
Thy gaze is backward, and thy heart is fed
With murmurs and with music of the dead.
Alas, our battle! for the rays that glance
On thy dethroning sword and haughty lance
Are of forgotten suns and stars long fled;
Thou weavest phantom roses for thy head,
And ghostly queens in thy dominion dance.

Would we might follow thy returning wings,
And in thy farthest haven beach our prow—
Thy dragons conquered and thine oceans crossed—
And find thee standing on the dust of kings,
A lion at thy side and on thy brow
The light of sunsets wonderful and lost!

Perhaps it is the nerves, after all, which make the difference in matters of this kind. The pious Æneas's descent to the underworld is quite other than that of the wily Ulysses. And in Mr. Stork's prettily told version of Psyche's wanderings, which occupies the greater part of his "Day Dreams of Greece," the heroine, who has much the same journey to go, takes it very differently from Mr. Rice's Sir Giles or Mr. Sterling's Dreamer of Fear, thus:

Psyche stepped
From out the world of sunlight and of air
Into the land of shadow, following down
The path by which no living thing returns,
Which darkened as she went until it seemed
To lead her straight into the heart of night.
From that time forth the terrors of the way
Were as a dream that seethes with nameless shapes.
The spirits of the dead trooped by, pale blurs

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That stared from out the windows of the dark;
Gigantic beasts and titans loomed above,
More awful than the blackness. By the shore
Of Styx a gibbering concourse swayed and thronged
Round Charon's boat, but Psyche, resolute,
Passed on and pushed the yielding shades aside
As one who wades in haste through waving wheat.

This is another thing, to be sure; but the contrast between the same subject treated romantically and classically is not uninstructive; and there is a touch of sobering tradition about Mr. Stork's work which most verse just now seems image:

On the contrary, Mr. Hewlett's treatment of classic themes, of which his "Artemision" is composed, has suffered to some extent from the poet's temperament. To say that Mr. Hewlett has no sense for such subjects, would be absurd. But he does appear to be without the requisite transparency for their most successful transmission. Against this severe and sober background his embroideries look a little filigree. Admirable in themselves, as applied to classic story they have something of the incongruity which we associate with the Renaissance. Even his pentameter couplets at their smoothest, as in his attractive little picture of Niobe and her children, are somewhat too teased and ruffled to yield a perfectly clear image.

But when the long day drows'd
And fell asleep, and all the men were hous'd,
And Thebæ's streets were still—only the watch
Paced slow the ways, looking at every latch
And eyeing every hurrier—she and they
Within the close-shut doors in white array,
Gather'd to rid the master of his toil,
Him and his sons, with unguent and sweet oil,
Washing of feet; all service of the house
They did, and comely serv'd the decent use
Of those old days, which saw women most fair
When most men's helpmeet, and most debonair
When meekest. After this they sat at meat
In order due, and when desire to eat
And drink was put away, one with a harp
Would draw sweet verse from children's voices sharp,
And eagerly about that rafter'd hall
The anthem soar'd; and lads and maidens all
Together made strong harmony
(Even as they lived harmonious). Only she,
Niobe, sat quite still and thrill'd apart,
Brooding upon her joy, and heard her heart
Follow the descant with its own strong rumor.

Even Miss Wharton's "Artemis to Actæon"—the most finished, the most literary volume of the collection—is by no means free of nerves. It is hardly uncanny or yet morbid—those are not the words; but it is musky. It is full of unrest and strain; it itches to allegorize in strange effective fashions. For this reason "Life," the most distinctive poem in the book, is intelligible only as a whole; but the following fragment of a sunset is not uncharacteristic in its way:

Leaguered in fire
The wild black promontories of the coast extend
Their savage silhouettes;
The sun in universal carnage sets,
And, halting higher,
The motionless storm-clouds mass their sullen threats,
Like an advancing mob in sword-points penned,
That, balked, yet stands at bay.
Mid-zenith hangs the fascinated day
In wind-lustrated hollows crystalline,
A wan Valkyrie whose wide pinions shine
Across the ensanguined ruins of the fray,
And in her hand swings high o'erhead,
Above the waste of war,
The silver torchlight of the evening star
Wherewith to search the faces of the dead.

On the other hand, Lincoln's anniversary and its associations, working in a contrary sense, seem to have provoked a perfect apotheosis of homeliness. The disposition is curious—not so much to relieve the poetic from the mask of commonplace which disguises it, as to insist upon the absolute poetic value of the rind itself. As such it involves a complete displacement of ideals. A quotation from Mr. Thomson's "When Lincoln Died" will illustrate the feeling aptly:

My private shrine. The Gettysburg Address
Framed in with all authentic photographs
Of him from whom the New Religion flows.

Homely? That's it. A perfect homeliness.
Homely as Home itself that countenance
Benign, immortal sweet, his very soul.
The steadfast, common, great American.

It is a gladness in my aging heart
These eyes three times beheld himself alive,
Ungainly, jointed loose, rail-fence-like, queer
In garb that hung with scarecrow shapelessness—
Absolute figure of The States half-made,
Turning from toil and joke to sacred war.

Nor in the revival of familiar feeling does the Rough Rider want his poet. Amid the various contents of Mr. Crandall's "Songs from Sky Meadows," he, too, is sung with some spirit, if little dignity. But then he has always been something of a fancy figure in current verse:

Unpretendingly he dropped the branding-iron upon the plain,
Threw the lariat to his partner, waved the eastward-glimmering train;
Bade adieu to dog and bronco, friends that drew a brace of tears;
Wondered if he'd round-up Spaniards handy as he coralled steers.
Then he sweated in the transport, broiled upon the torrid sand,
Fingering the Krag-Jorg lever 'til 'twas ready to his hand;
Got his clothes to setting on him, got just chummy with the sun—
Cooked immune in showers that sizzled when they pattered on his gun.
Then he took the trail, all quiet, stepping in his comrade's tracks;
Stripping slowly for the tussle, dropping extra togs and packs;
Gripping to the stock and barrel, ready for a Dago rise,
Humming softly little songs of Sunday-school and Paradise.

Racy, perhaps, rather than homely—at all events they are bound to seem so to the Yankee—are Mr. Graves's "Irish Poems." Influenced to some extent by the Gaelic revival and in some cases drawing their inspiration directly from the native literature, they have quite a different tang from ordinary Anglo-Irish poetry, while preserving all the shrewdness, naïveté, and mischievousness of their country. At the same time, traces are noticeable here and there of that odd literary sophistication which the poets of Ireland apparently find it hard to get rid of:

O, Woman, shapely as the swan,
Shall I turn wan for looks from thee?
Nay, bend those blue love-darting eyes
On men unwise, they wound not me.
Red lips and ripe and rose soft cheek,
Shall limbs turn weak and color flee,
And languorous grace and foam-white form,
Shall still blood storm because of ye?

Thy slender waist, thy *cool* of gold
In ringlets rolled around thy knee,
Thy scented sighs and looks of flame,
They shall not tame my spirit free.
For, Woman, shapely as the swan,
A wary man hath nurtured me;
White neck and arm, bright lip and eye,
I shall not die for love of ye!

Nor is Mrs. Garrison's "Joy o' Life"—for all its spontaneity and freshness, its fondness for the open air and the high road—wholly free from a slight air of research. At all events, there is about it at times a mixture of motives, an anachronism of mood which recalls with a difference Christina Rossetti:

I know that Pan is dead, yet now
Along the river's darkling edge
I saw the slender, silver sedge
As 'neath a fleeting footstep bow.

. . . . . .

And there I saw the river break
In gentle ripples, circling wide
As though some long dead naiad sighed
Beneath it for old loving's sake,

And fain would rise again and greet
Her goat-hoofed lover as he came
Beneath the clustered trees, aflame
To pipe his longing at her feet;

Where black against the rising moon
The mad Bacchante's wine-splashed crew
Hailed them as mates of theirs and drew
Them captive by the wide lagoon.

If it is not uncommon to find a capital sonnet or two embedded in a mass of otherwise indifferent work, so that a disproportionately large amount of good verse seems to be appropriated by this

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stanza, the reason is not far to seek. Evidently, the poet, like other men, is the better for discipline. One such happy exception from Mr. Carruth's "Each in His Own Tongue" is too good to be left to take its chances:

In Etzel's land they sat long years ago
In the tense evening of that fatal day;
On Hagen's knees a naked sword there lay,
And Volker stroked his baleful fiddle-bow.
So the Fair Vengeance found them counselling low;
No greeting but defiance offered they
To her fierce menaces and kept at bay
With grim, sad eyes, the wily Hunnish foe.

When insolent Fate, with doom in either hand
Came lording on us as we sat alone
Before the battle, friend, we did not rise,
But each read fealty in the other's eyes,
And like those doughty Niblungs dauntless scanned
Her scowling ministers, and faced them down.

For all these new claimants to their attention, habitual readers of poetry will welcome none the less warmly a complete edition of Mr. Gilder's verse. Mr. Gilder has been writing so long and is so well known that he hardly requires characterization or illustration here. It is not ungrateful, however, to have the opportunity of quoting a few lines:

Great Universe—what dost thou with thy dead!
Now thinking on the myriads that have gone
Into a seeming blank oblivion,
With there and there a most resplendent head,—
Eyes of such trancing sweetness, or so dread,
That made the soul to quake that looked thereon,—
All utterly wiped out, dismissed, and done;
Lost, speechless, viewless, and forever fled!
Myriad on myriad, past the power to count;—
Where are they, thou dumb Nature? Do they shine,
Released from separate life, in summer airs,
Or moony seas, in dawns?—or up the stairs
Of spiritual being slowly mount
And by degrees grow more and more divine?

CURRENT FICTION.

Roads of Destiny. By O. Henry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Within a little less than a year O. Henry has published three volumes containing a grand total of about sixty stories. It is not right to infer that he has turned them out with the quiet regularity of the Saturday night sermon, for a good many of them made their appearance in periodical publications more than twelve moons ago. But on the evidence submitted one may easily suspect that he could have done so, had he wished. Of the particular type of short story which he produces, O. Henry is a perfectly assured master. Heeding the maxim of Goethe, he has worked in a strictly limited field. He has attempted no rivalry with Irving or Hawthorne or Poe. It is shocking to find him mentioned in the same sentence with them, for he has so limited his field as to exclude wonder, beauty, passion, terror. On the other hand, he has as sedulously avoided the risky formula of the naturalistic short story which has flourished in France. Never penetrating beneath the surface, he has furnished an astonishing amount of diversion by presenting the merely comic aspects of universal rascaldom. One picks up this new volume of tales expecting to find the familiar world of tramps, burglars, and adventurers a little cloying; but one lays it down at the end of the twenty-second tale—they run rather longer than those in "The Gentle Grafter" and "The Voice of the City"—with a conviction that the author is a peculiarly beguiling writer. He deals here largely with the picturesque riff-raff floating through the South and West—Mississippi, Texas, Mexico, and South America. He leaves one with no very distinct impressions of individual characters, but with a very lively sense of the general characteristics of the group. He has even imparted a kind of unity to the volume by an insistence throughout upon luck and fate as the divinities presiding over the lives of his people. The surprise-endings of which he makes a specialty are not all equally surprising, but one is reasonably certain of a sharply heightened amusement at the last page. "Art and the Bronco," "Phoebe," and "Two Renegades" have perhaps the most of narrative interest. The zest and fidelity of his frontier tales suggest that in the interest of posterity he ought to give us three volumes more of this sort for Porto Rico, Alaska, and the Philippine Islands.

The Hand on the Latch. By Mary Cholmondeley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

It is hard to believe that the extraordinary preface here printed was actually written by way of introduction to the four tales which make up the volume. This is an utterance of an old-fashioned and well-nigh obsolete type—hardly paralleled in recent literature unless (to compare small things with greater) in Swinburne's late "Dedicatory Epistle" to his collected poems. It was still common enough two or three generations ago, as in some of Bulwer's prefaces; but we have come to expect greater reticence, or at least greater self-command. If an author has his grievances, he is usually content to air them in letters to the press, or through the vicarious offices of the literary gossip. But the present writer has harked back to the ancient method of prefixing a personal plaint to the literary product as offered for sale. The result is a lively, if undignified and irrelevant effusion, of some dozen pages. The articles of complaint are two: first, that the author of "Red Pottage," though she has "been writing books for five-and-twenty years," has found it difficult to make people believe that she wrote them; and, second, that she has been wrongfully, persistently, and maliciously accused of putting real people into said books, with intent to ridicule and decry. Her asseveration and denial are embroidered with anecdote and irritably facetious comment. To say the truth, one might not unreasonably hesitate to connect the authorship of the remarkably finished stories which make up the body of the book with that of this so-called preface. There appears to be nothing libellous in them. It may be that the Aunt Emmy of "St. Luke's Summer," and the supposed lady-author who tells the story called "The Lowest Rung," may be traced to real life by some imaginative English reader. The irony of the latter narrative is well-sustained, its stark substance surviving and shining through the wretched little affectations of the narrator. This note of irony is, in fact, characteristic of all these stories. Each of them dwells in its own way upon the uncertainties of human character. In each of them there is a contrast drawn between greatness and littleness of soul, the magnanimity appearing in an unexpected quarter, or in an unexpected guise. The title story—with its rather vague American setting—is perhaps the most striking of them.

Love Among the Chickens: A Story of the Haps and Mishaps on an English Chicken Farm. By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: The Circle Publishing Co.

This cheerful tale has its technical surprises. Whether or not they are worth while is a question; nevertheless, an author who begins his book in the third person, changes abruptly to the first, and ends with dialogue and stage directions, probably has reasons for his proceedings, and it would be interesting to know them. The ordinary reader is likely to believe that the author has, in his first change, abandoned a great advantage. The hero, who up to that time has been as amusing as the remaining characters, at once becomes, in his function of narrator, a semi-serious person, and subtracts by so much from the possibilities of the book.

Apart from this, the tale fulfils its aim of pleasant entertainment. Of the Jacobean school, yet with a higher social sphere than that preferred by the author of "Many Cargoes," it shows the actions of persons who take themselves soberly. They endeavor to manage a Devonshire chicken-farm, though they have little more than a hopeful knowl-

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edge of the reproductive possibilities of the hen. Hope likewise forms the larger part of their capital. A dog and a cat enliven the situation. This venture is mixed up with a love affair, which in its turn is complicated by an irascible parent and a highly artificial rescue. A golf-match, cleverly managed by the author, who is well supported by the hero, brings about a happier end to the love affair than comes to the chicken enterprise. The book has brisk movement, and a bright style, which, though unable to handle the plot without shifting grips, is quite adequate to the minor incidents.

In the Wake of the Green Banner. By Eugene Paul Metour. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book borders perilously upon sound and fury with the Shakesperean connotation. The writer evidently has still to learn that a good story is not to be constructed entirely of local color and tumultuous action. A dash of barbaric color is as stimulating as a clash of brass—but a camaieu of scarlet and orange and an orchestra of cymbals leave one with a degree of weariness beyond the power of neutral tones to compass. The story will possess its greatest interest for those who have visited the places described and can thrill with pleasant reminiscence and proud recognition at sight of the Arab words and phrases that plentifully lard the text. It is doubtful whether such readers, however, will find their hunger to revisit the desert in any wise whetted by the adventures of Mr. Metour's characters, who stumble through a wilderness of battle, murder, and slow death by torture to a not altogether convincing happy end. It is hardly the book to choose as a travelling companion for friends about to sail for Africa.

Scheiternde Deutschen. Von Moeller van den Bruck. Minden i. W.: J. C. C. Bruns' Verlag.

Deutsche Geschichte. Von Einhart. Leipzig: Dieterich'schen Verlags-buchhandlung.

Concise, vigorous, and leaving no doubt as to what the author thinks, the volume from Van den Bruck, in his series on "Die Deutschen," may easily prove one of the notable volumes by a German dealing with the modern history of the country, and especially the reign of Emperor William. He approaches the present *Schauplatz* with a series of excursions into the history of the early Germans, and in this way seeks to point out how Germanic tradition has served as a foundation for the magnificent work of Bismarck and the Kaiser, and to what extent it must now be abandoned by those who would break with the narrower tradition and make of twentieth-century Germany a great nation of the world. Passing from a discussion of Goethe and his relations to the past, his own period, and the future —a future that in many respects Goethe never dreamed of, so that, to a certain extent, one may say that Goethe began with Walter and Wolfram and ended with himself—Van den Bruck reviews the raw, wild times of Armin, the tragic fate of Alarich, the brilliant exploits of Frederick I, and goes on to the more brilliant sway of Maximilian. The next stepping-stone he finds in Stein, the stanch opponent of Napoleon and the prophet of Prussia, who, like Goethe, Schiller, and many others of their time, was tempted to emigrate to America, being tired of the old régime, and allured by the prospects of the New World.

All these historical-biographical essays, which form the greater part of the volume and lead to the discussion of present-day problems in Germany, are just such studies as should be made occasionally for every nation, to stimulate a healthy interest in its past; and they contribute to a better understanding of the author's view, at least, of what Germany has come to be, or is striving after. In Bismarck, for example, another manifestation with Nietzsche of late German effort to reach the highest, Van den Bruck finds the embodiment of Armin, Barbarossa, and Stein. To a partial extent only have the Germans understood the greatness of Bismarck and what he *did for Germany;* but just as the Americans are coming more and more to realize the worth of Lincoln, so Bismarck each year grows in the hearts and minds of his countrymen, until already a certain kind of Bismarck-worship has been established. Nor has this appreciation of Bismarck suffered in the increasing recognition of Emperor William and his worth, a man whom Bismarck made, and who, in turn, tried to unmake Bismarck.

Wilhelm II is regarded as the true exponent of the present German people, at least in all matters pertaining to national or public life. He started public life as an optimist, and no one has done for Germany what he has accomplished in bringing industry to a high and successful stage, in insisting that Socialism, and other movements likely to entangle Germany through bonds of sympathy with other peoples, should be regarded solely as German problems, and in steering Germany as a great political power into a position of first rank among the other leading nations, and, keeping her there, all in all, as a great factor for peace. Where the Emperor has failed, and failed miserably, is that he has not stuck to his last as a political shoemaker, but has posed as an interpreter and dictator of the fine arts. It is not to be denied that, here and there, the Kaiser has shown insight into art, as when he suggested the Siegesallee and other innovations for Berlin, by which he expected to make Berlin the handsomest city in the world; but the environment of the Schloss in Berlin still remains a muddle, and some day, perhaps, the Kaiser will awake to discover that his whole dream of directing the art expression of his people has ended in fiasco. Meanwhile, through his leadership in some matters, and against his will in others, the nation is marching on, though somewhat scattered in energy; "business" is the one thought of the Americans, and "time is money" the controlling impulse of the English, while the Germans grope and experiment. Soon, however, they too must find a motto that will adequately express their mission in the century—their call to *do;* and perhaps it will be none other than the motto in English: "The Germans to the front!"

In "Deutsche Geschichte," by "Einhart" (probably Fritz Lienhard of Weimar), we have a popular history of the Germans in Germany and beyond the seas, of value to the foreign reader as showing the probable popular feeling in the Fatherland concerning various questions of moment. Judged by its treatment of the history of the Germans in the United States, the work is accurate and sympathetic. A good share of the credit for America's success, based on the service rendered to Washington by Herkheimer, Von Steuben, Kalb, and others, is claimed for the Germans, and some regret is expressed that, of the 5,000,000 Germans who came to the United States between 1820-1900, so *little of enduring, distinctly German* character should survive. There is also an interesting review of the Germans in Brazil and other parts of South America, coupled with the assertion that, "on the highest of state authority," it may be accepted that the Germans have never thought of establishing a political power on the Western Continent.

The Basis of Ascendancy: A Discussion of Certain Principles of Public Policy involved in the Development of the Southern States. By Edgar Gardner Murphy. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.50 net.

This is a volume intercalated between the author's "The Present South" and a new work of similar tenor which he is soon to publish. It seems to be not so much left-over material, as surplus philosophizing, which Mr. Murphy here utilizes. For the work is almost pure abstraction. The writer's mind seems to move most easily amid symbols. It is seldom that one reads a book which is so little drenched in fact. Mr. Murphy delights in such phrases as "the potential units of a demonstrated social

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achievement," "racial repugnancies arising within the legislative indirections of the State"; he mentions scarce a name, cites no statistics, writes almost the whole time as it were *in vacuo*. This intellectual habit may be due in part to the confining ill-health from which he has so unfortunately suffered; but it certainly makes his book hard reading. One finds one's self longing for illustration, for hard realities, for anything concrete, after a long stretch of this metaphysics about "the negro" without the introduction of one actual and living black man.

Mr. Murphy has frankly—or is it unconsciously?—chosen for the title of his book a word which is steeped in tyrannical and hateful associations. The "ascendancy party" is the name by which Irishmen have for four generations reproached their oppressors. Mr. Murphy's "Ascendancy" is that of white over black in the South. He seeks to establish its philosophic basis. With all of his philosophy, if we understand it, it would be impossible for us to agree; but we can at least recognize a brave and generous spirit in this Southerner writing primarily for Southerners. By whatever dubious or halting theories he accounts for what has been done in the past, he faces the future as one who would see justice done lest white and black and all our political order perish together. Mr. Murphy is for negro education, for qualified negro suffrage, and, in general, for placing the open door of hope and opportunity before the colored men and women of the South. We can best indicate the attitude of this progressive Southerner, and best attain the purposes of our review, by quoting here and there from his pages:

> The fundamental issue is not what we will do with the negro, but what we—with the negro as the incident or provocation of our readjustments—will do with our institutions. . . .
>
> The arch-enemies of race integrity are those white men who have become the strident opponents of negro development. The fomenters of the race's despair are among the factors of its disintegration. The promoters of racial fusion, the real, though unwitting, apostles of amalgamation, are no longer the Abolitionists of the East, but those anti-negro extremists of every section who in their war upon the opportunities of this weaker race would put the foundations of its integrity upon the shifting and dissolving basis of its self-contempt. . . .
>
> The real question is not as to whether the worthy negro has, as yet, any very marked political capacity, but as to whether the attitude of the State toward such capacity as he has, is to be that of development or repression. Is it to the interest of the State that there should be perpetuated within its limits a vast politically excluded population, a population of permanent non-participants in the interests, inspirations, and responsibilities of suffrage? . . .
>
> Democracy is wholly consistent with the restriction of suffrage. It declares, however, that such restrictions shall bear no stigma of class, and that any fraction of our citizenship, under the provisions of the local State, shall be excluded—if excluded at all—only on the common terms.

Builders of Spain. By Clara Crawford Perkins. 2 vols. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $5.

The history of Spain, especially previous to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, is so little known to English-speaking readers that it affords a most attractive field for the conscientious and scholarly investigator. Unfortunately, the prevailing ignorance of Spanish history also furnishes an opportunity, too often improved, for untrained persons to put forth shallow and worthless volumes with considerably less risk of detection than if they followed more familiar paths. The present work is an egregious example of the latter class. Its first two hundred pages are occupied with a curiously jumbled account of the history of Spain from Celt-Iberian times to the present, which is little more than a series of glimpses of the biographies of different monarchs, selected arbitrarily and without rhyme or reason; the remainder consists of scattering descriptions, chiefly architectural, of the principal towns and provinces of the land, into which a host of the less credible legends of Spanish history are interwoven with consistent inaccuracy. Wrong dates, misspellings and mistranslations, loose and meaningless sentences abound. The arrival of the Visigoths took place in 414, but they did not "overrun the entire peninsula" until the later part of the sixth century, when Leovigild conquered the Suevi; both events, in this book, are crowded into the years 417-19. The dates of the reign of James the Conqueror are 1213-76, not 1214-74. The overthrow of the Ommeyades at Damascus occurred more than one thousand years earlier than this book would have us believe. "Covadonga" and "Covadongo" are alternately given as the scene of the resistance of Pelayo. Alfonzo II of the Asturias would scarcely have answered to the title "Il Castro." The "c" in "Provence" is invariably burdened with a cedilla. "Bertrand de Guesclin" is an unprecedented designation for the French warrior, and "Pomponias Mela" for the Roman geographer. We learn with surprise that Hapsburg Burgundy in 1500 "included Dauphiny"; and the statement that Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV were "the great protagonists of Philip III and Philip IV in the field of European statesmanship" is meaningless.

But it is useless to continue with other examples of this sort. Any one with time to waste can find plenty for himself. If the book contained any really valuable information, there might be some palliation for them, but it does not. It is as ill-arranged and ill-proportioned in its main features as it is untrustworthy in detail. Even the architectural descriptions, which are better than the rest, are clearly inferior to those in the standard works. The illustrations, which are numerous, well-chosen, and admirably executed, form the sole bright spot in the entire two volumes.

Science.

THE DARWIN CELEBRATION IN CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE, Eng., June 26.

Representative scientists from all parts of the world have assembled at this university the present week to do homage to Charles Darwin. The occasion is the centenary of his birth and the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the Origin of Species. The celebration was instituted by the university where he graduated, but the centre of the observance has been Christ College, where he studied. His room at the top of the second staircase in the first quadrangle was accessible to visitors, while a collection of memorials of the great scholar had been arranged in a series of rooms on the ground floor. This contained an interesting series of portraits of Darwin at different periods of his life, as well as of his distinguished father, Erasmus Darwin, and of his family; also the scientific instruments used by him in his famous five years' voyage in the Beagle, medals and diplomas conferred by various scientific societies; while upon the walls hung early caricatures and lampoons directed at his doctrine of the origin of species. The identical image of a monkey, in spectacles, with banjo, and in bright dancing costume, which was lowered from the gallery of the Senate House by wicked students when Darwin received the degree of doctor of laws in 1877, had also a place amid more sacred relics. Among the numerous manuscripts and letters is the original draft of the "Origin of Species," written in pencil upon large sheets. Later revisions, also present, show the author's unwearied care in revision and in the elaboration of details. The bronze bust of Mr. Darwin by William Couper of New York, which was presented to the university by Professor Osborn of the Museum of Natural History, stood at the head of one room and received very favorable comment.

The exercises began on Tuesday evening, with a reception of delegates and other invited guests by the chancellor of the university, Lord Rayleigh, in

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Fitzwilliam Museum. The chancellor, in his official robes, stood at the head of the staircase and greeted all as they arrived. The scene was brilliant. The members of the Senate wore hoods and bands, the doctors scarlet, while the foreign delegates wore robes of various colors, the rectors of foreign universities mantles and chains. The grounds of Peterhouse College, which are connected with those of the Museum, were illuminated and were open for the reception of guests. The real exercises of the celebration began on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock in the Senate House with an address of welcome by the chancellor, and the presentation of and addresses by the delegates of the various universities and learned societies which were represented. There were about two hundred and forty delegates present; of these seventy-eight were from the United States and an equal number from Germany. The delegates were grouped according to countries, and announced in that order, beginning with America and ending with Switzerland, the British representatives following the foreign, beginning with the colonies in Africa and ending with the delegates from England, Scotland, and Wales. Among the most heartily applauded were Metchnikoff, Sir Oliver Lodge, and especially the sons of the great scientist, Sir George Howard Darwin, Francis Darwin, William Erasmus Darwin, and Major Leonard Darwin. Naturally, much time was consumed in presenting so many memorials. Brief addresses followed, eulogizing the work of Darwin, by Professor Hertwig of Berlin, in German; Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, in French; Dr. Ray Lankester, and Dr. H. F. Osborn. The last address was one of the most attractive of the occasion. Dr. Osborn said:

> Through John Harvard of Emmanuel, Cambridge became the mother of our colleges. Did not Emmanuel beget Harvard, and Harvard beget Yale, and Yale beget Princeton and other descendants to the third and fourth generation? They thus saluted the venerable but ever-youthful ancestor of many of the American universities, academies, and institutes of science, national and State museums represented here, and, in large part, guided by the true sons of the true daughters of the Alma Mater on the Cam. A son of Yale succeeded a son of Harvard as President of the United States. If your university men were leading the empire, theirs in America were leading the nation. To them Darwin, more than any other naturalist, seemed greatest in the union of a high order of genius with rare simplicity and transparency of thought. . . . In conclusion, they, the delegates, naturalists, and friends, desired to present to Christ's College as a memorial of their visit a portrait of Charles Darwin in bronze, the work of their countryman, William Couper, a portrait which they trusted would convey to this and future generations of Cambridge students some impression of the rugged simplicity as well as of the intellectual grandeur of the man they revered and honored.

Prof. Oscar Hertwig spoke in German of Cambridge as the centre of Darwin's influence, and referred to the immense effect of Darwinian thought upon the minds of German scientists. Professor Metchnikoff spoke impressively and with marked emphasis of the effect and the extent of Darwin's teaching in France. He laid especial stress upon Darwin's influence upon pathological research of the future of which he spoke most hopefully. Dr. Ray Lankester's address was more technical and not without a strong controversial suggestion, the only note of this kind in the entire proceedings.

In the afternoon, a garden party was given by the Master and Fellows of Christ's College to the delegates and guests. This enabled the guests to meet familiarly, to visit Darwin's room, and to inspect the Darwin memorials. The bewildering variety of academic costume and decoration was here witnessed to its full extent. Few of the guests could interpret the significance of the many fashions in the different universities, distinguishing the various faculties and degrees.

The banquet held on Wednesday evening was one of the most brilliant functions of the celebration. It was given in the new Examination Hall in Pembroke Street, which was used for the first time on this occasion. More than five hundred were present. Among the guests at the high table, at which the chancellor presided, were Prince Roland Bonaparte, who wore the costume of the French Institute; the Duke of Northumberland; the Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour, in the scarlet doctor's gown of Cambridge; the Bishop of Ely; the Dean of Westminster; Sir Edward Fry, the representative of England at the Hague Conference; Viscount Esher, Master of the Rolls; Lord Collins, Mayor of Cambridge, and many others. The academic gown was generally worn.

The striking feature of the banquet was the address by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Balfour, who introduced the toast to Darwin. I have heard Mr. Balfour frequently in the House of Commons and always admired his readiness and versatility in defending any position which he assumed, involving often the most adroit dialectics, but I have never heard him, when the constructive and appreciative element in oratory was more beautifully and nobly revealed. Mr. Balfour's books have shown his capacity for clear and discriminating philosophic thought. The charm of his manner and his winning personality, which transform hostile opponents into personal friends, were never more delightfully manifested.

William Erasmus Darwin, the eldest son of Charles Darwin, delivered, with many touches of humor, a most simple and reverent description of his father in his home relations. This was a prominent note in all the exercises, namely, the beautiful nature of the great scientist. Other addresses at the banquet were by Professor Arrhenius of the Nobel Institute, Stockholm, delivered in very good English, and by Professor Poulton of Oxford. The chancellor said there were no lips from which a Cambridge man would more gladly hear his toast than from an Oxford man.

On Thursday morning a second and concluding exercise of the celebration was held in the Senate House. Twenty-one degrees were conferred upon the delegates, three upon Americans, *viz.*, Professor Loeb of the University of California, Professor Wilson of New York University, and Professor Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Other notable delegates who received this honor were Prince Roland Bonaparte, the grandson of Prince Lucien, one of the younger brothers of Napoleon the Great; Professor Perrier of the Institute of France; Professor Hoeffding of Copenhagen, and Francis Darwin, "one of the illustrious sons of his father," as the public orator announced. Professor Sandys, the golden-mouthed orator, was never more happy than in his characterizations, in classical Latin, of the achievements of these modern heroes of science. The public orator must possess an omniscient knowledge of the attainments of every candidate; Professor Sandys is tall, with a face of striking intellectuality. He portrayed Prince Bonaparte "as a second Cæsar, bearing his victorious eagles to a new world." Surely, only carping criticism can call in question such a felicity of expression, even if exuberant in praise, on an occasion like this. Much regret was expressed at the absence of Darwin's great friend and compeer, Alfred Russel Wallace, from the exercises, whose age alone prevented his presence. A telegram of salutation was sent to him by the delegates through the vice-chancellor.

The final gathering, apart from a meeting held by the Royal Society, was of a personal character, and was held in the cloisters of Trinity College. The members of Charles Darwin's family welcomed the delegates and invited guests.

Thus closed one of the most notable gatherings in the history of science. Probably no other name among the brilliant discoverers in science of the last century could have attracted such a gathering. Much of the credit of the success of the undertaking was due to the honorary secretaries, J. W. Clark and A. C. Seward, but mainly to the latter.

W. T. Hewett.

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The Fireless Cook Book. By Margaret J. Mitchell. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

Great as is the number of culinary guides, none of them competes with Miss Mitchell's "Fireless Cook Book," which touches fresh ground and marks a new epoch in the art of preparing food. If housewives throughout the land understood the bearing of the book on their comfort and happiness, it would be the "best seller" of the year. As the author remarks:

> Does the idea appeal to you of putting your dinner on to cook and then going visiting, or to the theatre, or sitting down to read, write, or sew, with no further thought for your food until it is time to serve it? It sounds like a fairy tale to say that you can bring food to the boiling point, put it into a box of hay, and leave it for a few hours, returning to find it cooked, and often better cooked than in any other way. Yet it is true.

The fireless cooker has long been known to Norwegians, and in Germany its use is becoming quite general. In this country the army has found it a great boon, and families are becoming gradually interested in the wonders told of it. Not a few of the adventurous women, however, have been disappointed in their experiments with it, and have come to the conclusion that it is not practical, has too limited a scope, fails to cook starchy food, and that there is little economy in using it. What these women needed was a guide to show them that the fault was not with the cooker, but with the cook. Miss Mitchell points out that, in reality, there is a saving of up to 90 per cent. in fuel, beside the great saving of time already referred to; that with the aid of the insulated oven, which is the latest development of the fireless cooker, and to which she devotes a special chapter, the variety of foods that can be cooked in this way is greatly increased; that the absence of heat and odors in the kitchen is an advantage not to be overlooked; that in the matter of flavor there is a distinct gain in fireless cookery, and well-flavored food is not only more enjoyable but also more digestible than such food as is usually cooked in our kitchens; and, finally, that the bearing of fireless cookery upon the servant problem is of superlative importance. As the author remarks, "when cooking no longer ties one to the kitchen, is no longer a labor that monopolizes one's time, dishevels one's person, and exasperates the temper, the cook may go. We shall save her wages, her food, her room, and her waste, and have more time to spend in ways that bring a more satisfactory return." No doubt, in due course of time, there will be experts who will take care of our cooking boxes. One man or woman could easily visit a dozen houses each forenoon, start the lunches and dinners, return in the afternoon to prepare for the breakfast; and the cost per family would be small.

Fireless cookers can now be bought of various sizes and degrees of efficiency. Miss Mitchell's book gives clear directions also to those who wish to make their own hayboxes. No phase of the question is overlooked. She has found that full understanding of the management of the boxes has resulted in complete success, "followed inevitably by enthusiasm"; but there are pitfalls to be avoided, among them overcooking and undercooking, but these can readily be shunned by following her advice. The question of seasoning is discussed, and there are chapters on soups, cereals, various kinds of meats, desserts, etc., with hints as to how to tell good material from bad. In short, it is a complete cook book for the fireless method up to date; there are recipes telling how long each kind of food should remain in the cooker; menus for various occasions; recipes for cooking in small or large quantities, or for the sick; and there is an appendix relating to experiments illustrating the scientific as well as the practical side of fireless cookery.

SIMON NEWCOMB.

Prof. Simon Newcomb died at his home in Washington early Sunday morning of cancer, the first symptoms of which appeared last September. The members of his family were at his bedside when the end came. Though of American lineage, he was born in Wallace, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, on the 12th of March, 1835. He was educated at home, but in 1853 left Canada for Maryland, where he found employment as a teacher for two or three years. Then he had the good fortune to form the acquaintance of Joseph Henry, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and Julius E. Hilgard, superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, who were greatly impressed by his aptitude for mathematics, and in 1857 secured his appointment as a computer on the United States Nautical Almanac. The office of the Nautical Almanac was then in Cambridge, which gave the young scholar an opportunity to enter the Lawrence Scientific School, from which he was graduated in 1858, remaining three years as a graduate student.

While in Cambridge, he found time to plan and execute a notable piece of astronomical work. This was the computation of the orbits of the asteroids revolving about the sun between Mars and Jupiter. His first calculations were made on four of the asteroids in 1859, and attracted much attention when presented at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Springfield, where he exhibited a diagram showing the changes in the orbits during thousands of years. In 1860, he published his general mathematical theory on this subject, and the treatise quickly won for him an international reputation.

In 1861, he was appointed professor of mathematics in the United States navy and transferred to Washington. In 1870, having been already elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences, he was sent to observe a total eclipse of the sun, visible on the Mediterranean, and established a station at Gibraltar. Unfortunately, the principal observations were prevented by clouds, but he seized the opportunity to make certain original studies concerning the minor motions of the moon. Lunar tables showing the recognized motions of the moon were already in existence, notably those constructed by Hansen and published by the British government in 1857; but even before 1870, it had been found that the observed positions of the earth's satellite did not correspond with the computed positions, as shown by error in the calculation of the eclipses and in other ways; but the problem had not been solved. Newcomb at once attacked it, visiting different observatories and consulting the earliest records extant. The task was not abandoned until formulæ had been found for constructing accurate lunar tables.

He now applied himself to the accurate determination of the "elements of the solar system," including the measurement of the dimensions, weights, and orbits of the principal planets, the larger asteroids, and the more important satellites or planetary moons. This work was carried forward in connection with official duty as opportunity offered. As early as 1867 he had published a final memoir on the secular variations of the orbits of the asteroids; this was followed in 1874 by results of investigations concerning the orbit of the planet Uranus. The final researches into the motions of the moon were published in 1876, and other results were set forth at frequent intervals in official reports, as well as in unofficial scientific papers.

In 1877 he was appointed senior professor of mathematics in the United States navy, with the relative rank of captain, and superintendent of the Nautical Almanac Office, which he held until 1897, when he retired with the relative rank of rear-admiral. In 1884 he was appointed professor of mathematics and astronomy in Johns Hopkins University. This post he resigned in 1893, but was reappointed in 1898. For a number of years he was professor of astronomy at Columbia University, and his services were called into requisition, of course, when the Lick Observatory, in California, was in course of establishment. He helped materially in the preparation of the equipment, and passed on the glass and mountings of the great telescope.

A list of the various volumes and essays published by Professor Newcomb would fill several columns. Among the most important may be mentioned those "On the Secular Variations and Mutual Relations of the Orbits of the Asteroids." "An Investigation of the Orbit of Neptune, with General Table of Its Motion," "Researches on the Motion of the Moon," "Measure of the Velocity of Light," and "Development of the Perturbative Function and Its Derivative in Sines and Cosines of the Eccentric Anomaly, and in Powers of the Eccentricities and Inclinations." He also wrote a series of textbooks on algebra, geometry, trigonometry, logarithms, calculus, and astronomy, besides his well-known general

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work on "Popular Astronomy." On finance and political economy he published several books, including the "A, B, C of Finance," and many articles in the magazines. One of his latest essays was on the subject of aeronautics. He thought that airships might be useful in scouting expeditions, but doubted whether they could ever be developed for carrying freight or passengers commercially.

He was a member of the leading scientific societies of this country, including the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he was president in 1877, and the National Academy of Science, of which he was vice-president from 1883 to 1889. He was the first president of the American Society for Psychical Research. During his long and busy life he was the recipient of all the ordinary and many special honors from most of the learned institutions and associations of the world.

Samuel Edward Warren, at one time professor of descriptive geometry in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and afterwards in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has died at the age of seventy-seven. He published a long list of text-books, beginning with "General Problems in Descriptive Geometry" (1860), and ending with "Descriptive Geometry" (1904).

A dispatch from Paris announces the death last Sunday of Henri-François Peudefer de Parville, the scientific writer and editor of *La Nature*. M. de Parville was born in 1839, at Evreux. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor, and had received decorations from Italy, Turkey, and Greece. He wrote many articles on scientific subjects for the *Journal des Débats*, the *Journal Officiel*, and other publications. His books are: "Causeries scientifiques," "La Planète Mars," and "La Clef de la Science."

Art.

Geofroy Tory, Painter and Engraver: First Royal Printer; Reformer of Orthography and Typography under François I. An Account of His Life and Works, by Auguste Bernard. Translated by George B. Ives. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Edition limited to 350 copies. $37.50 net.

Of Geofroy Tory, royal printer to François I, classical scholar, poet, reformer of French orthography, bookseller, designer, miniaturist, so high an opinion has existed among collectors that the lack of an authoritative biography in English and of means of becoming familiar with his crisp designs has been a constant surprise. This is actually the first English translation of Auguste Bernard's "Geofroy Tory, peintre et graveur," the earliest edition of which was published in 1857, the second edition, embodying later discoveries, in 1865. No other work has since appeared in rivalry to this. The thoroughness of M. Bernard's researches has been attested by A. W. Pollard of the British Museum Library, who has said that "they are so well done that no one has any excuse for going over the ground again." The same authority several years ago regretted that no French publisher since the development of modern processes of reproduction has had the enterprise to substitute proper illustrations for the meagre and not particularly faithful woodcuts which accompany M. Bernard's commentary, and which have so disappointed readers, unfamiliar with the originals.

M. Bernard's monograph, as revised by him in 1865, was divided into three parts: biography, bibliography, and iconography. Certain supplementary facts are given in appendices. The biographical sketch contains all that patient research has unearthed regarding the artist's career. He was born in humble circumstances at Bourges about 1480. Under favoring patronage he studied at the local university, and afterwards in Italy, of which he always retained a grateful memory. In 1504 he went to Paris to fill a professorship and to edit post-classical Latin authors. When he began to take interest in typography is uncertain. It was apparently before he made a second journey to Italy, on returning from which in 1518 he began to practice engraving. The death of a favorite daughter, Agnes, in 1522, led to his adopting as the mark of his bookshop, a sign of his own grief, the Pot Cassé, with its broken jar signifying the dissolution of the body; the toret which pierces it, Fate; the three chains and padlocks, the closing of life by the three fatal goddesses. Many variants of this symbol appear in books which he printed. The results of the printer's studies in the French language and his indignation against the *rufients*, who were changing its nature on the pretext of perfecting it, appeared in the recondite illustrated book, "Champ Fleury," devoted to theories of typography and language, which was published in 1529, and which made important recommendations leading to genuine linguistic reform. In 1531 Tory was appointed King's Printer to François I, being the first to hold that office. He died not long after, probably between June and October, 1533.

M. Bernard's bibliography describes minutely the books "that we owe to Tory, whether as publisher, as author, or as bookseller and printer"; the iconography gives the works "which he enriched with his paintings and engravings during twenty years of his life."

The justice of Tory's fame appears in any survey of his influence upon contemporaries and immediate successors, or of recent developments in the printing art. His versatility and industry were almost incredibly great. M. Bernard, indeed, maintains that scarcely an illustrated volume of any consequence was published in Paris during the first half of the sixteenth century which does not embody designs and decorative ideas evolved or suggested by Tory. A score or more of fellow engravers and booksellers employed him to engrave their private marks. His vignettes, marks, and symbols were copied by printers of his own and other countries during a long period. Ornamentation, for instance, plainly derived from Tory, has lately been noted in specimens of early American colonial printing. For a man whose first training was literary, his draughtsmanship was highly competent. There is some doubt as to the extent of his achievements as a painter; yet the productions of the miniaturist of about 1520, which are signed respectively "G" and "Godefroy," are attributed by M. Bernard, with apparently good reason, to our Tory. As one of the foremost philologists of his time, and an enthusiastic patriot anxious to contribute to the improvement of his mother tongue, he was responsible for fixing many of the French forms, supplying accents and the cedilla, and settling important questions of orthography. Above all, he impressed upon his age the value of simplicity, proportion, harmonious color, logic, sanity—qualities which were conspicuous in the best French typography for a long time after his death, and which, it is needless to say, have become national characteristics.

The lessons in style taught by Tory to his contemporaries have been effectively re-read among most of those present-day printers who, in plying their trade, try also to practise a fine art. In contradistinction to some of the arts and crafts which affect Gothic and mediæval models, the printing art, following the example of the finest work of the Italian and French Renaissance, has come to depend for its effects upon clear, beautiful type, good paper, and well-proportioned type-pages. The black illegibility of books supposed to be artistic in design because archaic in appearance has been succeeded by an agreeable grayness of tone and by the legibility that is the first mark of good printing. Style is less often than formerly confounded with mannerism.

The reputation of the Riverside Press Editions as works of fine art, done under the personal supervision of Bruce Rogers, will be sustained by this publication. Although illustrated with reproductions of designs of varying sizes, shapes, and color, selected from many sources, and hence lacking in the unity that may be achieved when all the decorative elements have been designed to create a single impression, the "Tory" is likely to have a high place in the series that began about a decade ago with the publication of the "Sonnets and Madrigals of Michael Angelo." The pages, viewed individually and in pairs, are invariably agreeable; although, seen serially, their transition from one kind of design to another, or to no design, is

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sometimes a little abrupt. The font of type specially cut by Mr. Rogers for this edition is admirable for its purpose. It is based, naturally, upon the Caslon, but with such modifications that a type-page of the modern book, on a creamy hand-made paper, closely resembles a characteristic page of one of the better-printed books of Tory's time. It is a type laudably free from affectation. Judged, indeed, by D. B. Updike's dictum, that "the better the style, the less dependent it is on 'earmarks' or archaisms, peculiar decoration, or whimsicality," this new Riverside Caslon is nearly perfect. The footnotes are in ordinary Caslon.

The treatment of the problem of reproducing Tory's ornament deserves especial commendation. So competent an admirer of the artist's work as Mr. Pollard has said that the faithful redrawing of Tory's brilliant and dignified designs is the only method by which they can be made to take their proper place in relation to the type, while adequately preserving the character of the originals. The limitations of direct photography, when it is a question of translating feeling as well as fact, are obvious. The reproduction of accidents of coloration due to age, and of irregularities resulting from imperfect or careless presswork; the appearance of the half-tone on a kind of paper for which, if it had existed in Tory's time, a very different illustrative treatment would have been adopted—these and other infelicities have been avoided in the present work by exact redrawing of a number of characteristic designs. Some of the resultant pages are more agreeable than others, for Mr. Rogers's type, although harmonizing perfectly with the lighter, grayer designs, is a little overpowered by the blacker ornamentation which Tory affected at one time. Everywhere, however, there are evidences of an effort to reproduce the *printed feeling* of the best work of the sixteenth century, and to conform at the same time to those general principles of the printing art, adherence to which is giving us to-day, amid the immense output of wretchedly done books, not a few notable examples of simplicity, reserve, and right sentiment.

Mr. Ives's rendering of the French text is accurate and painstaking, but now and then leaves the reader a little conscious that it is a translation.

More than a year ago the Italian Parliament appropriated 6,000,000 lire for the purchase and excavation of the so-called Monumental Zone. This is a sector extending from the Arch of Constantine as a point and spreading towards the Porta S. Paolo (formerly Porta Ostiensis) and the Porta Latina. It encloses the Baths of Caracalla, and includes the inner slopes of the Cælian and Aventine hills. The reservation of this space is perhaps the great archæological event of our times. There was always danger that the growth of the city would cover this site, that avenues inconsiderately laid out might lock up acres of ground rich in monuments, that ditching for drains, gas, etc., might actually destroy many valuable remains. Such dangers are now measurably averted, though the Royal Commission on the Monumental Zone must still count upon the good will of Parliament and the municipality. Meanwhile, a good beginning has been made in expropriating the land. On June 24, Commendatore Boni presented an elaborate plan of campaign which the commission promptly accepted.

At the Arch of Constantine the neighboring foundations will be examined and the old Via Triumphalis (now Via di S. Gregorio), broadened to its original extent, or at least sufficiently to give an adequate vista toward the Arch. At the south end of the Palatine the remains of the monument of Septimius Severus will be sought. Here the ancient marble plan of Rome indicates the presence of fountain niches. If possible, these will be again supplied with water. At the Circus Maximus the level of the via Antoniniana will be reached and at the curve of the Circus the foundations of the Porta Pompæ, built 81 A. D., should come to light. Toward the Porta Capena the ancient roads as they are traced will become walks bordered with laurel and myrtle, plants which surrounded, we read, the neighboring temple of Venus Verticordia. To determine the position of the Porta Capena itself will be one of the main objectives. This will involve going down to the level about the Baths of Caracalla, thus revealing their grandiose foundations. At this gate might be found the sepulchre of the Horatii, mentioned by Livy, and more certainly the arches of the Appian aqueduct of 312 B. C. Outside should appear traces and perhaps more of the temple built by Marcellus in the third century B. C. Only the vigilance of the Commission prevented the cutting of a drain through this most sacred site. Near by should be also the altar of Honor and Virtue set up by Augustus in the year 19 B. C.

The opening of the Appian Way will be ascertained, its bordering tombs cleared, and the sites of the triumphal arches of Verus, Trajan, and Drusus (so-called) examined. The intramural portion of the Via Latina will be widened to include the bordering tombs, and the city will be petitioned to reserve this road as a pleasure drive. Upon the Porta Metronia, which was narrowed in the Middle Ages to the mere postern it now is, three Roman roads with a united width of 140 metres converge. Accordingly, this must have been a monumental gate and the Commission will investigate its original form. The Commission will buy the triangle between the Appian and Latin ways, which contains many patrician tombs of the Republic, but for the present will not excavate in this area.

Throughout the Monumental Zone sculptural and architectural remains will be so far as possible left in place, trees and shrubs will provide shade, and the ancient fountains will be restored. Under this genial project of Commendatore Boni there is work in hand for many years. It is to be hoped that the Royal Commission which has already approved the plan in principle will now provide for its systematic and continuous execution. The important thing seems to be a simultaneous advance. The piecemeal methods which have been followed in too many excavations involve inevitable interruptions in the work and faulty coördination—needless waste, that is, of time and money. The generosity of Parliament should quicken in these administrators a corresponding imaginative and magnanimous attitude toward their task. The pathway of the imagination will prove to be also that of economy and efficiency.

The following awards have been made by the Académie des Beaux Arts: The Prix Estrade-Delcros (8,000 francs) to François Émile Ehrmann; the Prix of the Société Française de Gravure (1,400 francs) to A. Lamotte; the Prix Ary Scheffer (6,000 francs) to M. Boutelié; and the Prix Durand (3,000 francs) to A. F. Desarrois.

We regret to report the death on Monday of Louis Loeb of New York, the well-known artist and illustrator. Mr. Loeb, who was forty-two years of age, was staying at his summer home in Canterbury when he died. When he was nineteen, he drifted to New York, and joined as a student the Art League, of which he became president in 1889. He went to Paris, where he spent several years, his principal master being Gérôme. He gained in his first year there the *premier prix d'atélier* at the Beaux Arts, and his pictures were hung on the line at the Salon. In 1896, he exhibited there two portraits, one of which received honorable mention. About the same time his illustrations in the *Century Magazine* of Janvier's article on the Greek plays at Avignon attracted much attention. In 1901 he was elected an associate of the Academy, and five years later he became an Academician.

From London comes the report of the death of A. W. Bayes, the painter and etcher. Mr. Bayes was in his seventy-seventh year.

Gustave Jacquet, the French painter, died in Paris Monday at the age of sixty-seven. He was a pupil of Bouguereau and made his début at the Salon of 1864 with two genre pictures, Modesty and Sadness; but it was not until three years later, when he exhibited The Call to Arms, that he attracted any attention. His Sortie de Lansquenets of 1868 was bought by the state. He is principally known in this country by his pictures of women, for most of which his wife posed.

The death is announced of Louis Marchetti, a native of Rome, who had studied under Fortuny. He lived for many years in France and exhibited at the Salon.

Dr. Richard Muther, the well-known art critic and professor of the History of Fine Arts at the University of Breslau, has died at the age of forty-nine. His "History of Modern Painting" is much consulted by English readers. Among his works in German are the following: "Anton Graff," "Die altesten deutschen Bilderbibeln," "Geschichte der Malerei im 19. Jahrhundert," "Geschichte der Malerei," "Studien und Kritiken," "Lucas Cranach," "Geschichte der englischen Malerei," "Renaissance der Antike," "Leonardo da Vinci," "Francisco Goya," "Rembrandt," "Geschichte der belgischen Malerei," "Millet," and "Courbet."

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Finance.

CROPS AND TARIFFS.

The basic character of our country's wealth may be far better inferred from the crop report, just issued, than from the rumors that will soon leak through the cracks of the tariff conference committee room. The abundance promised on a million broad prairies quite dwarfs the results, whatever they may be, that shall emerge from the covert network of Congressional intrigue. The ordinary citizen feels for Congress something of the superb contempt which the English lord felt towards his niggardly steward. The steward complained that the lord's heir was wasting his father's goods, and got for a reply the indifferent remark: "I believe there is a good deal to waste." So Brother Jonathan, viewing his three billion prospective bushels of corn, is largely indifferent to the feverish anxiety at Washington about rates and schedules and drawbacks and customs courts.

How vital the yield of agricultural staples is to our real industrial welfare, may be gauged by the very genuine solicitude that expresses itself in market quotations when an unexpected turn for better or worse is announced by telegraph. The government report on cotton a few days ago created almost a riot upon the cotton exchanges; whereas the final vote in the Senate upon the Aldrich bill is received with a languid apathy, too profound to simulate the pretence of interest.

The explanation of this attitude of the public mind may best be seen when we try to realize the magnitude of the impending harvest. Of corn alone, there is standing over 109,000,000 acres, more than 7 per cent. gain over last year. The average condition is 6½ per cent. better than last year. The statistician of the Produce Exchange estimates on this basis a total yield of over 3,160,000,000 bushels, almost 500,000,000 bushels more than last year, and over 200,000,000 bushels in excess of the record crop of 1906. In its money value, the corn crop has long exceeded the total value of wheat. Although corn has not yet rivalled wheat and cotton as an article of export, its importance as food for live stock, as also for men, has made it the agricultural crop par excellence in this country. The bumper corn crop will be the more welcome also because hay, timothy and clover, does not quite attain the dimensions of last year. The broad distribution of corn gives it an additional importance. It is grown in every American latitude. Texas stands third only to Illinois and Iowa in corn growing, while four of the nine leading States in this staple are in the South. But while corn bulks largest in Ceres's cornucopia, there is plenty of room for other grains. The oat crop is just short of a billion bushels, and is only slightly surpassed in size by the record-breaking crop of 1902. Even wheat, whose price with that of flour has risen of late, promises to come within a million bushels of last year's output. The holdings of this prime cereal in farmers' hands have been reduced, however, by something like 15,000,000 in the twelve months past. The auxiliary staff of life, the white potato, covers a larger acreage than last year, while only the apple crop has refused to be coaxed back to the proportions it reached in 1908.

The statistics of raw materials imported for the fiscal year ending June 30, while not yet complete, presage almost unmistakably a favorable year for manufacturers. Measured by tale and weight, the raw materials laid down in our ports have broken all records. Their declared valuation, it is true, falls nearly $100,000,000 below the valuation of 1907. This is due to the world-wide recession in prices. But the abundance of crude materials, combined with their low purchase price, doubles the advantage of the manufacturer. It is likely that the prospect of increased rates of duty has induced many importers to lay in heavier stocks than they would have done otherwise But, with rising prices for the finished product, they will have made a profitable venture. Among the notable items in the inventory of imports are silk and India rubber, both of foreign production exclusively, and hides, skins, vegetable fibres, wool, copper, tin, lumber, and cotton. In silk, the prospects are for a total entry of 23,000,000 pounds, as compared with a previous maximum of 17,500,000 pounds. On the other hand, the aggregate price paid promises to reach $79,000,000, as compared with the previous maximum outlay on raw silk of $70,000,000. Raw wool imports give promise of attaining the grand total of 266,000,000 pounds—exceeded in quantity only in 1897. Crude India rubber will approximate 86,000,000 pounds—nine million in excess of any previous year's takings. Hides and skins will run well ahead of the earlier record, in 1906, of 425,000,000 pounds, though their values are far below those of 1906 or 1907. So far as cotton and tobacco are concerned, the imports are of kinds and qualities which supplement the domestic product. Of the latter, this year's importation will again break the record, while the amount of cotton will fall below the figures of 1902 and 1907 only.

While only the values, and not the physical qualities, of foodstuffs exported are as yet reported, the higher prices of food are shown very clearly to be traceable to the relatively short supplies that were forthcoming last year. Thus, corn exports fell in value from $33,000,000 for 1908 to $24,000,000 for 1909. Wheat showed almost precisely the same relative decline, from ninety-nine millions in 1908 to sixty-six millions in 1909. As was to be expected, meat and dairy products, which are essentially only allotropic forms of the cereal output, declined from one hundred and seventy millions to one hundred and forty-six. The fall in the value of cotton exported was doubtless traceable in part to a somewhat relaxed demand for the raw material. But the decline in export values of staple was only from four hundred and thirty-seven millions to four hundred and seventeen millions.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, William J. The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy. Fourth edition revised and enlarged. Scribners. $5 net.
Armstrong, C. W. The Mystery of Existence. Longmans, Green.
Batten, S. Z. The Christian State: The State, Democracy, and Christianity. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.50 net.
Bianchi, Martha Gilbert. The Cuckoo's Nest. Duffield.
Croce, Benedetto. Logica: Come Scienza del Concetto Puro. Second edition. Bari: G. Laterza & Figli.
Dealey, J. Q. Ethical and Religious Significance of the State. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 10 cents.
Dillon, Mary. The Patience of John Morland. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.
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Enock, C. Reginald. Mexico: Its Ancient and Modern Civilization. Scribners. $3 net.
Franklin, Wm. S., and Macnutt, B. Light and Sound. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Gibson, Arthur H. Human Economics, Books I and II. Natural Economy and Cosmopolitan Economy. Longmans, Green. $3.50 net.
Gratacap, L. P. Geology of the City of New York. Third edition, enlarged. Holt & Co. $2.50.
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Jones, Henry. Idealism as a Practical Creed: Being the Lectures on Philosophy Delivered Before the University of Sydney. Macmillan. $2 net.
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Milham, Willis I. How to Identify the Stars. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
Morrison, John H. History of New York Ship Yards. J. H. Morrison, Brooklyn, N. Y. $2 net.
Murphy, E. G. The Basis of Ascendancy: Principles of Public Policy Involved in the Development of the Southern States. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Noguchi, Yone. The Pilgrimage (2 vols.). Kamakura, Japan. The Valley Press. $2.
Ostwald, W., and Morse, H. W. Elementary Modern Chemistry. Ginn & Co. $1.
Oppenheim, Samuel. The Early History of the Jews in New York, 1654-1664. S. Oppenheim.
Roberts, G. E. T. Flying Plover. Boston: Page & Co. $1.
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